

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year---May 2, 1914

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THE QUESTION

By GERTRUDE DARLOW

Ah, the inscrutable eyes
Of those who know, who are wise.
How they perplexed my youth
Seeking to learn the truth;
Struggling with vain surmise,
Starting at each surprise,
Trying to find a clue
To all that was strange and new.

Now, I have learned disguise,
Glances from other eyes
Eager, baffled yet bold,
Asking they may be told;
Make me long to disclose
Thorns that hide with the rose.
But, O, it cannot be shown,
Each must gather his own.

And so my gaze replies
Naught to those questioning eyes.
Only I feel again
The old, old ache and pain,
Mingled longing and dread,
All that cannot be said,
Feverish desire, the quest
For the secret yet unguessed.

As one watches the skies
To see the dawn arise;
Not knowing whether the day
Will turn to gold or gray;
My heart can scarcely brook
The ardent, earnest look
Of those who search my eyes
Asking what life implies.



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SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER,
Editor and Publisher.

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



TOLLS REPEAL IN FINAL STAGE

ACTION of the senate interoceanic canals committee in ordering the house bill, carrying the repeal of free tolls, reported to the senate marks the second stage of the resolution placing national honor above ship subsidy considerations. It is true that with the bill is coupled an amendment, proposed by Senator Simmons, providing that neither the passage of the act nor anything therein contained shall be construed or held as waiving, impairing or affecting any treaty or other right possessed by the United States, but that does not in anywise militate against the principle of repeal enunciated by the President; in fact, the amendment is said to have his approval.

There is no recommendation by the committee, but as the bill is to be made unfinished business of the senate the controversy will be threshed out on the floor of the senate chamber without delay and with fair prospect of victory for the administration forces by a majority of twelve or fifteen votes. Several wavering senators may, possibly, reach a conclusion favorable to the passage of the repeal measure since reading what Colonel Goethals has had to say concerning free tolls. He has reckoned the cost of the canal and its maintenance, and after describing the trade situation and the certain course of rates, he concludes:

Exempted tolls will not give lower rates to shipper or receiver. Therefore, free tolls to vessels engaged in coastwise trade result in a subsidy to a class of shipping already fully protected and not in need of subsidy. I do not believe in exemption of tolls for coastwise trade: First, because this amounts to subsidy to a class of shipping and will benefit stockholders and not shippers; second, because this canal will need all revenue it can get to pay its current expenses and indebtedness.

Precisely as many of us have been contending for months, and wholly aside from the point of national honor involved. The only reasonable argument we have seen advanced by those who care nothing about treaty obligations is that free tolls will affect railroad rates to the benefit of shippers. How can that be? Depriving the land transportation lines of business must inevitably tend to increase the schedules on what traffic remains since the railroads already are bitterly complaining that present revenues are insufficient to meet operating expenses and maintenance charges and yield any reasonable return on the value of the property used.

Possibly, this argument makes selfish appeal to those on the Pacific coast who think high railroad rates will be offset by low coastwise shipping rates, but is it likely that the shipping trust will make the rates far below those in force on the railroads? Ninety-four per cent of the coastwise ships are owned or controlled by the railroads, hence it is fair

to assume that no "unhealthy" cut rates will be interjected. Besides, free tolls would mean so small a reduction in the hundred pounds of freight that it would be almost negligible. By repealing free tolls the people are assured of the collection by the United States treasury of a million or so a year, which, otherwise, they must pay to help take care of the current expenses of the canal, as pointed out by Colonel Goethals.

METHODS OF TWO CITIES CONTRASTED

RISING to refute the statement that Pasadena's municipal street lighting rate is higher than its residence rate the superintendent of the Crown City plant writes to the Los Angeles Tribune that the average rate for street lamps is .0491 as against .0495 for commercial and residence lighting for the year ending December 31, 1913. Mr. Koiner asserts that the rates for street lighting in Pasadena are not so high as those charged by the private corporations in Los Angeles. Mr. Koiner, however, does not attempt to answer the explicit statement of Mr. Ballard, made before the Women's City Club of Los Angeles recently, that the Los Angeles average rate is 3.8 per kilowatt hour to 4.4 in Pasadena, which lower figure is obtained by the consumers without any additional cost to them.

There is, perhaps, \$600,000 represented in the Pasadena municipal lighting plant which, at five per cent, means \$30,000 a year to the taxpayers who have to take care of the interest payments. Doubtless, Mr. Koiner is right in arguing that the Pasadena lighting price has had an influence in lowering the rates in Southern California, but our point is that if the public utility boards, or the city authorities vested with the rate fixing power exercised the right delegated to them there would be no need to tie up the public funds in lighting plants. Los Angeles, as shown, without a dollar of investment, enjoys a lower average than Pasadena, in spite of the vaunted local plant.

We believe the municipal plant has been a factor in the lowering of rates and to that extent its creation was justified, but with the education of the people to a realization of their rights, as expressed in the city charter, the necessity for duplicating the private plant no longer exists. There is little likelihood that the rate will ever differ in any marked degree from the Los Angeles rate, so that if the taxpayers could recover, by sale to the private company, all that has gone into the plant it would be good business to dispose of what is really a superfluity. If a price, to be named by the state railroad commission, were placed on the property and accepted by the private corporation we hold it would be the part of wisdom to sell. But the private company should bind itself to give to the consumers the same rate fixed by the Los Angeles city authorities. In that event there would be no risk. The gas company is on that sort of footing.

We cannot see force to the argument of the power bond advocates that \$5,250,000 should be voted for installation purposes merely to give the people a chance to get their lighting done at a rate no lower than the private companies are compelled to make. Everybody knows that this initial sum will suffice to equip only 45 per cent of the territory; the other 55 per cent unserved must pay the additional tax without reaping any benefit. As for the 45 per cent it will have the privilege of getting its light at the same rate charged by the private concerns, plus the increased taxes for the new equipment. That this is economic waste is patent. How much more must be voted to complete the installation is not stated, but, probably, not far from \$10,000,000. Perhaps, the peo-

ple are as foolish as they were in 1907, when they voted \$23,000,000 at the behest of those who sought to prove there was a water famine, but we doubt it. Several eye teeth have been cut since that date.

FIDUCIARY AGENT FOR MEXICO

THERE is a current rumor afloat to the effect that by seizing Vera Cruz the United States may have held itself liable for payment of \$12,000,000 quarterly interest on Mexican bonds secured by 60 per cent of the Vera Cruz customs receipts. It is a rumor that will easily down when the true conditions of occupation are made public. We hold Vera Cruz in trust, as it were, and are acting for the people of Mexico in a sort of fiduciary capacity. Collection of customs at that port and at other ports, if decided upon, is not to help defray the expenses of our forces ashore, but is wholly for the creditors of Mexico.

Almost all of the holders of Mexican government securities are foreigners and it is in their interests that the 62 per cent of Mexico's total customs receipts is pledged, to secure an issue of \$50,000,000 5 per cent external loan bonds, and an issue of \$55,000,000 4 per cent gold bonds of 1910. The remaining 38 per cent of customs receipts of the country is in pawn to secure an issue of \$30,000,000 treasury bonds of 1913. It is interesting to note that the Mexican customs revenues in 1911-12 were \$105,000,000 (Mexican) and in 1912-13 \$120,000,000 (Mexican), but what they will show for the current year is problematical. At all seats of customs held by the Constitutionals it is not likely that any revenues will be deflected to the treasury at Mexico City for the payment of national obligations, nor is it at all certain that Huerta has been punctilious in setting aside the receipts he has collected for the sole purpose pledged.

Consequently, it must be with a feeling of relief that the holders of Mexican securities abroad note the new and self-imposed custodian at Vera Cruz, the chief port of entry of Mexico. Uncle Sam, of course, is not held liable for the interest on Mexican bonds, that were a palpable absurdity, but he may decide to act as collector of customs, giving an account of his stewardship to those in interest at the proper time.

COLORADO'S STATE INEFFICIENCY

BECAUSE of the overshadowing Mexican embargo the terrible situation in Colorado in the Ludlow mining district has not received the attention of the American people commensurate with its importance. Through a deplorable blunder in the giving of orders the machine guns of the state militia swept the strikers' camp at Ludlow, setting fire to the tents and burning to death women and children who had taken refuge in the trenches and rifle-pits. There is no excuse for such butchery. The non-combatants were known to be in the camp and their presence should have restrained all firing; not until they had been removed to a place of safety was it pardonable to discharge a gun.

For this inhuman act the state authorities must be held responsible; it was the culmination of a series of blunders chargeable to the state government, which has been lamentably weak in dealing with the disorders at the mines. The trouble arose with the attempt to unionize the fairly contented workers of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, nine-tenths of whom were non-union men. For this purpose organized union strikers were sent into the district to create a disturbance in the event of disinclination being shown to affiliate with the union; their work is largely responsible for the scenes of bloodshed and

anarchy that have since prevailed. It was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, testimony before the house committee at Washington, two weeks ago, that "a strike has been imposed upon the company from outside to intimidate an army of peaceful miners, and the local authorities in Colorado have not been able to provide adequate protection for the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company."

That John D. Rockefeller, Sr., controls the company so harassed is well-known and President Wilson has served notice on the Standard Oil man that he must interpose to stop the strife or federal troops will be sent into the coal district to restore peace and order. What is Rockefeller expected to do? Concede that the strike organizers have the right to prevent the miners from working as they please, by advising his employees to join the union, thus justifying the act of usurpation committed on private property? It is not a question of wages that is in dispute, but a fundamental principle of the republic that guarantees equal rights to all citizens. In the fight for their contention the strike organizers have resorted to bombs, guns and artillery; the state has retaliated partly in kind, but blundered fearfully in its execution of orders. This does not palliate the wrong doing of the strikers, but it does account for the revulsion of feeling against the militia. Perhaps, it is as well to supersede the state troops with regulars, all things considered.

PHILOSOPHY OF MINIMUM WAGE SCALE

IN ANY situation a plain case of justice when plainly stated seems so much a matter of course that nine in ten everyday citizens would smile and say, "Of course!" And yet, in the mass, we go on letting the rankest injustice thrive and waste, and no one sees it even, until a zealous reformer makes himself ridiculous and unpopular enough to force attention. This is apropos of almost any social reform, but notably of the minimum wage scale and child labor question.

Shall children work long hours in horrible conditions, at the expense of education, health and happiness that cotton goods or glassware or coal may be a little cheaper, or the man who owns the business a little richer? Every normal American would answer no, at once. And yet these things do happen, now and all the time, and we go comfortably on, without interfering. This apathy is extended toward the minimum wage. "What, pay an incompetent full wages? Well, I guess not! Why should I? I work for my money!" argues the average, unthinking person. He listens to an answer to his question, but declares himself against "sentimental legislation" invented by woman, not realizing at all what he is deciding.

What can a self-respecting man allow himself to do, and consent to have done? If a self-respecting man, why not, as well, a self-respecting nation? How many problems so simple a premise would solve. Work must be adequately paid, it must also be honestly done and there is a limit of endurance past which no one should be compelled to go. This is the foundation fact concerning minimum wage. In mills the work is speeded up past the safe limit, then the requirement raised to cast out all who cannot meet it. This is called increasing efficiency, but what of the wreckage? Does American industry want broken down men, weakened children, aenemic women? Of course, it does not; and yet it is making them every hour of the working day. If the minimum wage in any degree is going to restore the level of life and efficiency to the working world, let us have it.

Always, the feeble, the young, the old, can find work because they are to be had cheap. It is the able-bodied man who often is unable to get employment in the face of that fact. If the living wage restores him to his place in labor, puts children in schools, and women in their homes—or at least with a fighting chance to make decent livings for themselves—and restricts immigration to efficient laborers, what argument can there be against it that can weigh for a moment in the mind of any thinking

voter? We do *not* think is the trouble, we give that over to persons who make it worth their while to think for us, politically. As a nation we are easy-going, kindly, good-natured humans. Why, as individuals, we allow tyranny, injustice and unfair dealing to thrive is the astonishing inconsistency.

SUPPRESSION OF HEARSTISM ADVISABLE

HOW unhappy William Randolph Hearst will be if our Latin-American neighbors to the south, Argentina, Brazil and Chile, succeed in effecting an amicable settlement of the Huertan unpleasantness. The treasonable utterances and incitements to war in the Hearst papers constitute a menace to the republic and should be peremptorily stopped by the suppression of the offending publications. The mere thought of mediation causes their responsible owner to rebel in blackface type in an editorial addressed to himself as editor and signed by himself as publisher—one of his ridiculous affectations. Here are a few of the insults to the government in the Los Angeles Examiner of Monday, April 27:

It is unfortunate that at this juncture the government at Washington should be in the hands of vain and opinionated men who have not allowed themselves to be moved by the spectacle of murder and outrage which Mexico daily presented to the civilized world.

The overthrow of Huerta is only part of the task. We must invade Mexico, reduce its lawless elements to submission, restore order and make it like the United States by making it part of the United States.

This limitation of the reasons for American wrath and resentment against Mexico will not for a moment be tolerated by the American people. The war with Mexico, justifiable as a war against anarchy and mob rule, becomes petty and ridiculous as a war by Wilson upon Huerta.

No narrow-minded individual can prevent this inevitable march of progress any more than a waterbug, skipping along against the course of the current, can retard the mighty flow of a great river.

It is unfortunate that we have at the head of our government gentlemen of impractical theories and petty prejudices, at the time of national crisis. But it is not vital in its importance or determining in its consequences.

What? Halt our troops at the gateway of Mexico, to still the bugles that throughout the land are ready to call the citizen soldiery into action for the redress of tortured humanity in Mexico, while the secretary of state sends messages of amity and cajoling entreaties to the men more than all others responsible for outrages on American citizenship? Is that a policy which the nation can regard without shame?

Are the people of the United States eager to hear the bugles sounding the call to arms of our citizen soldiery, that will send them to a bloody war with Mexico? We doubt it. The dominant note now heard is of regret that the President's watching and waiting policy could not have been continued a little longer; he had evinced such admirable self-control for months that it was a pity he could not have maintained his poise even in the face of the Tampico incident. But for the deplorable attitude of such inciters to war as Hearst the blundering act of a subordinate Mexican officer at Tampico might have been atoned for in a way to avoid intervention. But the barking and baying and baiting by the Hearst papers had their evil effect, extending clear to the White House and the celebrated "Use your own judgment" order to Admiral Fletcher followed.

Now Hearst shrieks in rage because we may not get to Mexico City after all; nothing short of war and annexation will suffice for him. It is doubtful if Huerta will consent to eliminate himself, which is the prime condition imposed by President Wilson; heretofore he has rejected all overtures for peaceful settlement of Mexico's internecine troubles that involve his voluntary retirement. Stubborn and vindictive he will not acquiesce in any plan that calls for his self-immurement. This well-known attitude militates against an optimistic outlook, although it is rumored that Huerta has decided to accept the good offices of the South American governments. It is a foxy Huerta. He will inevitably interpose a counter-proposition, impossible to accept, which will abruptly end negotiations, if precedents are any criterion.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the gracious and diplomatic recognition of the Latin-American countries in our controversy with Mexico. It was

to the Brazilian embassy that Chargé d'Affaires O'Shaughnessy was instructed to turn over American interests at Mexico City, after receiving his passports, and it is the three leading Latin-American countries that have volunteered to act as mediators. Their efforts may prove futile, but their action is none the less significant and suggests the course to be pursued in the future in all affairs pertaining to the American continents. In that way lies a better understanding with the peoples of the two Americas, leading, let us hope, to a closer bond nationally and commercially.

LET OUR PAST RECORD SPEAK

CRITICS in Germany—and they are just a little bit spiteful at this time—are sneering at our affirmations that we have no thought of self-aggrandizement in our attempts at pacification of Mexico; that in saying we will retire from Mexico territory once affairs are satisfactorily adjusted we are not honest, but conceal beneath an apparently frank exterior deep designs of territorial acquisition. Of course, that is the view naturally taken after reading the Hearst sheets, but how is the average German student of American affairs to know at a distance of 3000 miles that Hearst in no respect represents the American government or the majority of the American people, but merely his own swollen ego?

Let our German newspaper critics take a glance backward at American history and note what happened after General Winfield Scott had stormed the heights of Chapultepec and our flag floated above the castle, the capital having been taken. Following the signing of the treaty, and its ratification, we voluntarily paid Mexico \$15,000,000 in gold for the land ceded to us and promptly retired from the territory we had conquered. What was our record in the Cuba war? Our envoys met with those of Spain in France and upon learning of Spain's impoverished condition we ended a victorious war by paying the conquered foe \$20,000,000 and then voluntarily transporting the Spanish soldiers back to their native country.

Has Germany so soon forgotten? Has Germany also forgotten how it laughed at our protestations of sincerity in regard to Cuba, whose interests we said were paramount and would ever remain so. When the war was over and Cuba was ours by right of conquest of her master, did we not keep the faith? Did we not give her independence as soon as she could stand alone even as we will one day to the Filipinos? This is the feeling that pervades America—the real America—in regard to Mexico. President Wilson has rightly said that we are not warring on the Mexican people, but in their best interests have decided to remove a marplot, an usurper. Our mission is to restore peace, to rehabilitate the country and then to get out, with, let us hope, the good will and respect earned not only of Mexico, but of all the Latin-American countries.

RULE SHOULD WORK BOTH WAYS

WRITING to the Railway Age Gazette the president of a large railway system, name not given, states that when congress had decided on the expenditure of thirty-five millions in the construction of a railway system in Alaska, one of the features of the bill as passed in the senate was that the accounts of the road were to be kept according to the rules of the interstate commerce commission. The same provision was in the house bill, but in conference it was amended so that as it finally passed the commission is to have jurisdiction only if the road is leased to a private corporation. In other words, the government proposes to do its own bookkeeping—presumably intending to follow the archaic methods current in the postoffice and other departments, under which profits can be shown as earned by the simple process of having one of the other departments take care of the expenses.

Replying to this communication the Gazette explains that the action of congress in eliminating the provision requiring the accounts of the government railways to be kept according to interstate commerce

rules is characteristic and is done, perhaps, because congress is afraid that if the books of the government railways are kept as prescribed by the commission the public may find out just how the government railways are built and run? "Meanwhile," remarks our contemporary, "we recall that only a short time ago the management of a large railway was sharply called down by the interstate commerce commission for not having kept its books as the commission deemed proper."

Which is remindful that the state railroad commission demands of all our quasi-public utility corporations that their books shall be kept in the manner prescribed by the commission, which permits of no concealment of expenditures, no juggling of debits and credits. When municipal plants in the state are compelled by law to do likewise, when the Pasadena lighting plant, for example, is obliged to conform to the state railroad board's rules the taxpayers will have better opportunity to see from what sources the alleged earnings are derived, what the plant is doing with its receipts and exactly what the actual expenses are. There should be as fair play for the one as the other. We contend that the reports now rendered by the Pasadena municipal plant are confusing and misleading. The city commission should insist that the accounts be kept according to the requirements of the state railroad commission as applied to private corporations. When that is done the public no longer will be misled and fair comparisons may be made.

GLANCE BACKWARD AT 1846-8

COMPARISONS with the war with Mexico of 1846-7-8 are inevitable at this time. It is worth noting that the *casus belli* was over a boundary line, following the admission of Texas into the Union in March, 1845. The United States averred that the international boundary was the Rio Grande river; Mexico contended that the Nueces river, half way between the Rio Grande and San Antonio, was the proper divisional line. As the Mexicans insisted on occupying the disputed territory General Zachary Taylor, in the summer of 1845, was sent to Corpus Christi to eject the intruders.

In March, 1846, Taylor crossed the Nueces and two months later the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca occurred, resulting in victory for the Americans. May 12, 1846, congress appropriated \$10,000,000 to carry on the war and directed that an army of 50,000 volunteers should be raised. To California, then, be it remembered, a Mexican province, was sent General Stephen Kearney; Colonel Doniphan was ordered to proceed to Chihuahua; General Scott was assigned to Vera Cruz, thence to march against the capital. As every schoolboy in the state knows, Commodore Stockton in August, 1846, took formal possession of California; Doniphan's men occupied Chihuahua; Scott, after a bombardment of five days, captured Vera Cruz, taking 5000 prisoners and 500 pieces of ordinance.

Taylor's forces marched across the desert to Monterey which stronghold he occupied after a four-days' investment. The battle of Buena Vista, in which Taylor compelled Santa Ana to fall back upon San Luis Potosi, followed in February, 1847. Cerro Gordo was the next decisive battle, fought by Scott against Santa Ana, the latter's troops greatly outnumbering our forces. Again, Santa Ana was routed, but managed to reach the capital where he rapidly recruited an army of 10,000 men to resist the invaders. It was at Churubusco that General Anaya with 800 men and six pieces of nondescript cannon gallantly stood off 5000 Americans under General Twiggs. When the latter entered the old stone convent and asked for the ammunition it is related that Anaya replied, "You would not be here if any were left." It was a brave defense.

Chapultepec was attacked by General Pillow September 13, 1847, and next day our flag floated over the national palace. It was in this assault upon the capital that Lieutenant U. S. Grant was conspicuous for gallantry. From September 14 until June 6, 1848, our soldiers remained in the City of Mexico, when

the treaty of peace (Guadalupe-Hidalgo) was ratified that gave the United States New Mexico and Upper California, comprising 523,955 square miles. The Rio Grande was established as the boundary, and the United States agreed to pay Mexico \$15,000,000 in five annual instalments. The cost of the war to this country was 25,000 men killed or wounded and \$166,500,000. The treatment of the defeated Mexicans by the conquering army was considered unusually generous in that we paid a cash indemnity for the territory ceded to us.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S EMOTIONALISM

THERE should be no temporizing with the element that seeks to interject British militant suffragette methods in American courts and prisons. By "picketing" in front of the Rockefeller New York office on Broadway Upton Sinclair, novelist and emotionalist, was guilty of an infraction of the law, for which he was convicted and fined \$3 by the trial magistrate. For refusing to pay the fine he was sentenced to six days' imprisonment. Here is his childish threat:

I shall go to jail and lie flat on the floor, and what is more, I shall not eat a morsel of food.

It did not seem to frighten or worry the justice. He smiled, in fact, and called the cases of four others (women) arrested on a similar charge. Two paid their fines and were released, two preferred to go to jail, where they threaten to go on a hunger strike. As for Sinclair they can take him dead or alive, he declares, it make little difference to him. He protests that the fine is not deserved, but is imposed as the result of the "invisible government" which controls the court. Naturally, this reflection on his integrity riled Magistrate Sims, who reprimanded the prisoner, whereupon he explained it was not intended as a personal reflection; he meant that the Standard Oil Company controls all courts, an equally asinine statement.

Sinclair says he goes to jail as a protest to the murders committed in Colorado at the direction of the Standard Oil Company. How about the murders committed by the strikers? How about the killing of Major Lester of the hospital corps, shot while attending a wounded soldier, in spite of his red cross insignia, which could be plainly seen by the strikers only two hundred yards away? There is wrong on both sides and Upton Sinclair is not to sit in one-sided judgment. However, if he elects to lie on the floor of his cell and refuse food, that is his privilege. We are strongly of the opinion that self-made martyrs should not be thwarted in their objects.

RECRUDESCENCE OF "NONE IS"

FROM an esteemed reader whose good diction and love of pure English endear him to the discriminating we are in receipt of the following interesting communication. It is dated Los Angeles, April 28, and reads:

I must dissent from your position criticizing the English style of the New York Nation that none can only be used correctly in the singular. So good a stylist as Anthony Trollope, following London custom, persistently uses none as the opposite of all: "None were permitted to enter by this gate," and no one as the opposite of every one: "No one went from the church to the mill on that day." The distinction is laid down in Murray's great Oxford Dictionary, "None is now the commoner usage for the plural, the singular being expressed by no one." Quotations follow from the English Southey and the American Stedman. The Nation so far is blameless.

JAMES MAIN DIXON.

Professor Dixon is at the head of Oriental studies and comparative literature at the University of Southern California and we hesitate to take issue with him, yet are impelled to do so because we believe he has accepted English authorities that are archaic as law and gospel. Anthony Trollope died more than thirty years ago. He was a prolific producer of fiction in the period dating from 1847 to 1877, having written and published fully fifty novels in that time. But we are amazed to find Professor Dixon characterizing Mr. Trollope as "so good a stylist." Artistically, his work is extremely faulty, lacking, as Robert Aitken once pointed out, "in good taste and intellectual elevation." Moreover, he wrote so hastily

—"with his watch upon the desk," that *fine* writing was necessarily prohibited. This is not to deny Trollope's gift of character-drawing, of his story-telling knack, but that he was a stylist we cannot agree.

With Trollope, as with all English writers, "army," "government," "navy," and similar collective nouns are all regarded as in the plural form which is bad form in this country. Each implies unity; "the government is determined," surely, is stronger and more emphatic than the "government are" or the "army are." When *none* is used, as a rule it is to emphasize singularity. Thus Dryden is found saying—

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Wordsworth, we admit, uses *none* as the opposite of *all* as, for example:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,—
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

But Wordsworth was not essentially a stylist nor is he so high an authority as we find in Luke xviii, 19, when Jesus rebuking a certain ruler who addressed Him as "Good Master," replied: "Why callest thou me good? None is good, save one, that is, God." Again in Psalms xiv, 1: "There is none that doeth good." We wonder if Professor Dixon recalls that old couplet which so tersely and convincingly lays down the rule. It runs:

In mud eel is; in clay none is;
In fir tar is; in oak none is.

None, we protest, is to be followed by *is* to be effective, to give strength to the affirmative or disclaimer and while Professor Dixon can find authorities in support of his contention we believe that a large majority is arrayed against him.

SHOWING HOW GREAT MINDS DIFFER

CONTRAST the sensible attitude of Senator John Sharp Williams, as evidenced by his speech in reply to Senator Lodge on the situation in Mexico and the support of congress asked by the President, with that of the jingoes of the yellow press. Senator Williams does not want war and he rightfully says that the United States has no quarrel with Mexico. It is easy enough to go in there as he admits and it would be comparatively easy to whip Mexico if we had occasion of war against Mexico, which we have not. Our chief point of difference is with Victoriano Huerta. If we make that clear, if we eliminate the usurper and restore to the people their constitutional form of government, it will be easy to retire from Mexico.

But omit Huerta and justify our action against Mexico on the grounds of necessity as Senator Lodge demanded and what follows? Listen to John Williams: "Once get into Mexico, California will say: 'Well, we want Lower California'; Texas will say: 'We want Sonora and Chihuahua'; and the demagogue will go out and say: 'Who is going to pull down the flag?' Of course, the answer is easy: 'The men that put up the flag, the American people, have a right to pull it down'; but when you begin to argue, the crowd does not listen." The senator from Mississippi continued:

Down here the other night in Washington they were blowing horns and cheering, and why? They did not know. They did not think, if they were capable of thought, which I doubt; but it was the old superstition—epaulets, uniforms, drums, fifes, war—"Hurrah for us!" That was all there was to it. People were actually celebrating, as if Christ were resurrected, the anticipation of a great Nation and a divided people killing one another.

Just now there is bitter disappointment expressed by the Hearst type of patriot because of the possibility of a settlement of the controversy with Huerta through mediation. It is not pleasing to the critics of the President to think that the executive may eliminate the bone of contention without resorting to war. They want what we have in the Philippines, benevolent assimilation, only with no thought of retiring from Mexico. Mr. Hearst, the editor, is found stating in the columns of his papers that the administration is wrong, that "the only course which this government can pursue with honor" is that described by himself. Modest chap, is this yellow editor. If the government, ie, the executive and congress,

would only cease its discussions, abrogate its thinking functions and follow his directions it would be ideally right in its course. What an excellent plan to pursue! And how much more economical! Let us, then, adjourn congress, retire Mr. Wilson and install Mr. Hearst as provisional dictator, with unlimited power to run the country.

How happy the prospect! If Champ Clark had been President we might have approximated this ideal, only, unfortunately, we should still have had congress on our hands, with, perhaps, one or two recalcitrants rebelling against the Hearst rule. Too bad that the people chose Woodrow Wilson, whose views, as Mr. Hearst has repeatedly told us, are opinionated and wrong. Of course, Mr. Hearst is not opinionated and is right, is the inevitable conclusion. What a pity that he is not the government, the whole works. If he were, what a vacation the entire nation could take with perfect serenity.

SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

WHEN the house of representatives was called to order the other day, following the occupation of Vera Cruz, in which Seaman Poinsett and several of his young comrades gave up their lives in the performance of their duty, among the fervent expressions of regard for the gallant seamen uttered was a warm tribute from former Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, whose gallantry at Santiago is a matter of national pride. Hobson told his associates that the incidents at Vera Cruz recalled to his mind the heroism of the seven men who had volunteered with him to sink the collier in the bay of Santiago. They lay with him on the deck as the ship was slowly sinking. Said he:

Only two torpedoes went off. We had ten, but the wiring and the batteries connected with the others had been broken and cut away and crushed before the time came to fire them. Only two went off. So we went down slowly right under the muzzles of their cannon. The original plan was that after firing the torpedoes we would quickly get away from the ship in the lifeboat and thus try to escape; but the lifeboat was shot away, and I changed my plan entirely, but did not explain it to them. Well do I remember those seven men there. Shell followed shell, tearing everything to pieces above us, below us, on both sides of us. My men would say, "Now, can we be off?" I would say, "No; no man move until further orders." When the boiler went up they said, "Can we go?" I said, "No man move until further orders." At last the ship gave a lurch, just before she was going down, and heaved as though she would turn over on us, and we heard the gurgling and the rushing sound of the whirlpool approaching, and they said, "Can we get off now?" And I said, "No; stay with me." And they stayed with me, gentlemen, every last one of them, and went down with me, no man knowing whether he would ever come up again.

But, as we know, all rose to the surface and were picked up and made prisoners in the Morro. All seven seamen were in one dark cell. Hobson, fearing for their health, asked permission to send for one of his men to give helpful suggestions. Charette appeared. After receiving his instructions, he put his heels together and saluted and said, "Sir, the men asked me to bring you a message." Continued Hobson:

It looked as though they were getting ready to execute us. Everything looked that way. There was that one chance to send me a message. What do you suppose that message was? I will not describe how we had stayed in the water after we came up, clinging to the edges of an old raft, with our bodies submerged, hiding as the Spaniards in launches closed in around us. My men knew they would kill us if they discovered us. For hours we remained. Again and again the men wanted to dive and swim away, each one for himself, but I would not consent, but just told them to stand by me, and they stayed. Now, you would think that a man once going through an experience like that would never want to go into it again. The message they sent to me was this—I can see Charette, with his heels together, as he said: "Sir, the men asked me to tell you that they would go in with you again tonight."

Is it any wonder that the recital of this bit of history by the man who so largely made it, elicited the hearty applause of his associates on the floor of the house? It was a sidelight on the spirit of the American navy, a navy that has added luster to the flag from the days of Paul Jones, on to the bay of Tripoli, when young Stephen Decatur so signally proved his bravery; in the defense of the Essex, under Cap-

tain David Porter, when Farragut was a midshipman; in the cyclone in the roadstead off Apia—always has the spirit of the American navy shone resplendent.

Are We Justified?

By Edward Parker

"I HAVE no enthusiasm for war!" So spoke our President. It is significant that this sentiment is voiced by the majority of thinking Americans; it is significant of the revolt of the mature in years and mind against the horrible waste of war.

We have not declared war—"armed intervention" is the term. But when millions of dollars are being spent in preparation; when men have been killed; when troops are rushing to an alien country—it seems like war. To the mothers of the dead, it is war; to the mothers who stand on the platform while the crowd in patriotic fervor cheers, it is war; and how like war it is when, as the train pulls out with all those boys on board, the crowd sings "Auld Lang Syne!"

In the twentieth century, perhaps, war is justified; perhaps, in the circumstances, we are forced into Mexico. To our ancestors, the Crusades seemed a necessity, a Christian duty. Today we deem it imperative that the honor of our nation be defended by blood and treasure and our flag protected. The defense of our honor and the protection of our flag translated literally in the terms of the Mexican situation mean the defense and protection of our citizens—their property, living and situated in a foreign land against insult, death and destruction by the de facto government of that land or the citizens thereof. Who shall say that, measured by the best morals of today, such is not our duty—our Christian duty?

Huerta says "The Mexican government is prepared fully to protect now and in the event of an armed conflict with the United States the lives and property of all foreigners, including those of American citizens. This is not a war between the American and Mexican peoples, but between Mexico and the government of the United States, which is controlled by men who have forced this situation upon us in spite of our efforts to the contrary."

Huerta guarantees that he will protect our citizens; that, if war comes, it will be war against our government, not against the American people. President Wilson insists that we, the American people, are not making war against the Mexican people, but against "a certain person who calls himself the provisional president of Mexico and his followers." Yet it is American lives and American wealth and Mexican lives and Mexican wealth that make the war—that must pay the price. A strange mixture of terms, yet not wholly inconsistent. The key lies in the fact that Huerta and his followers are not the whole Mexican people; in our view they are not, legally or morally, the Mexican government.

Woodrow Wilson is the American President, and in such a crisis his followers are the American people. In such a situation, between our "government" and our American citizenship there is no differentiation. What may be the "eventualities" (what a comprehensive term our diplomats have employed!) no one can tell; but today we are, with single-minded purpose, proceeding against Huerta and his followers; we, our President and his advisors; we, our army and our navy; we, the American people, with no enthusiasm for war, but acting according to the dictates of a nation whose civilization has no superior on earth—WE are proceeding against Huerta and his followers.

Are we justified? Reduce the situation to simpler terms. Suppose my brother, his wife and children go to a neighboring district and there join with a large and friendly family in the working of a farm. All live on that farm. The other family, or certain members thereof, have the management, my brother owning but a small part of the land and having an interest only in the product of his labor. He agrees to the regulations of the family and abides by them. Suddenly, that family is torn by internal strife. Several members insist upon getting control from the present managers and establishing a new order. My brother is not concerned with their strife, he seeks only to protect his own property and family. During the strife my brother is killed. I interfere. No adequate reparation is or can be made; indeed, as his brother I am sneered at—told to mind my own business.

Suppose there is no power by which I can get redress for the loss of my brother and his property or protection for his wife and children? Does it not become my business? In the name of peace and non-interference shall I suffer my brother to die and his property to be wasted? Shall I desert his wife and children?

That is the Mexican situation, magnified a thousand-fold, complicated indefinitely, intensified. But

there is the principle. We, the American people, are proceeding against Huerta and his followers—not because he did not salute our flag; not because he insulted our citizens; not because he or his followers killed our brother, outraged our sister and destroyed our property; not because he is, in our judgment, neither legally nor morally entitled to rule the Mexican people—not for any of these offenses against us and against civilization, but for all of them, multiplied and repeated, we, the American people, are proceeding against Huerta and his followers.

Are we justified? Today we are. But the cost! In wealth, in blood—the cost, the cost! The saving grace is this: We have no enthusiasm for war; thank God, that our President should so state; that we as Americans should so feel. Thousands pray that the lesson of this war may be so clear that all nations may realize the awful cost; that the century to come may have such a civilization that the acts of which we now seem justified may be quoted to prove our barbarism! Yet in this hour we should not despair. We have gone a long way—we have no enthusiasm for war; God grant the time may come when we can drop two of these words from this phrase of our President, which today stands as one of the noblest he has uttered, and, with all the nations of the earth, say, "WE HAVE NO WAR!"

Are We Justified?

By Marshall Illsley

ARE we justified? Yes, let us reduce the situation to simpler terms.

Suppose my brother and I have inherited a large, splendid and but partially developed farm, ample to support ten times as many souls as are at present living on it, a farm that has been in the family for generations, and to which we owe a strong family allegiance. But my brother is a restless chap, always inclined to envy his neighbors' fields as a little better than his own, always scheming how he can get something for nothing. So one day he proposes to abandon his fine patrimony, and move his household goods into a far country.

"Why, John," I say, "there's all the opportunity a man can want right here on the old home farm. Why do you go off? There's that big swamp tract to be drained, and there's that whole section of timber to be cleared and put under the plough. There's room and to spare for all your boys and mine too. Here you have good schools, your own church, your place in the community that your father has established, don't these things count? Off there where you are going the farmers have none of our ways, your boys will grow up without home traditions, no home church, no home schools, none of the things that make life most worth while."

John replies, "Now look here, Sam, you may be my elder brother, but you can't manage my life. I'm not going to plod along here and drain swamps and cut down forests, and make only a decent living. I'm going where I can make big money quick. After I've made my pile will be time enough to talk to me of home and school, and church, and the traditions of the fathers."

"I don't believe big money can be made quick anywhere without stealing it."

"Rats! A nice idea of your brother, your own flesh and blood! You think I'm a thief, do you? I guess it's time I got out."

"We won't fight about it. But tell me how you expect to make this big money quick; you won't find it lying round on the ground. The country over there is occupied, somebody must own it."

"Only a lot of ignorant, poor, low-down, good-for-nothing folks that don't know how to handle it. I can jolly up the Old Man, the nominal head of the property, and promise him a fat share of the profits if I make any, and he'll fall in fast enough, and give me a standing. Lots of fellows have worked him already."

"H'm—and you'll start schools, I suppose, for those poor ignorant people, and try to build up a wide-awake, free community round you such as your father helped to create here, so as your boys will have a noble environment, for they won't amount to anything if they grow up among the poor and debased."

"Nit! Do you think I'll spend my money there? When I make my pile I will track for New York, and have a little fun out of life. My boys will have 'environment' enough then."

"And all those people who live on the land now, and whose fathers lived there before them, should not some of the riches of it, the oil, the minerals, the agricultural fertility, go to them? From what other source will they get the means for improving their condition? You stick to your patrimony, let those people develop their own."

"Sam, your old-fashioned notions make me sick." And John packed up to start.

"Well," I said, "if you are bound to go to live

among these people, the manly thing to do is to throw in your lot with theirs and identify yourself with them. When Swedes and Germans and Britishers come to make a living in our neighborhood we expect them to become citizens, and to share the duties and burdens of government, and not hang on to their mothers' apron strings for backing and protection. What is good enough for us is good enough for them. Why doesn't that rule apply to you too? I give you fair warning, you belong here, you are doing what I don't approve of, if you get into trouble you needn't expect me to sacrifice my duties, my family, my business to go over there to help you. If you choose to abandon your patrimony to go among strangers from no generous or worthy motives, very well, I can't prevent you, but by so doing you cut all family ties and obligations."

But John went off to the far country. And as the years passed I heard reports of his prospering as he had anticipated. It was said he had acquired mines, and oil, and forests and leagues of ranching land, and coffee plantations. But there came a day when he wrote to his brother again, and he wrote, "Blood is thicker than water, there is trouble over here, and I want you to help me. These beggars are turning against me, and threaten my life and my property. They accuse me of having filched their land, which is a lie. My wife and children are in danger."

Then I telegraphed him to come away while there was still opportunity. There was plenty of room and a welcome on the old farm.

But he absolutely refused to stir. Times grew worse. He howled, he shrieked, he implored for help. He called me a renegade, a coward, a man without blood, without honor, without pride. I was letting him be murdered without lifting my hand to help him.

Am I justified?

COMPENSATION

It was a raw twilight, a chill wind blowing the rain in fierce little gusts down the crooked streets. I saw him as he passed me, his feet shuffling in their broken shoes, his plaster-caked jumper suit drooping with its sodden dampness, his black face bent beneath the rusty old hat, one arm swinging a battered tin bucket. There was a sudden wild protest in my heart against life that took such form as this—the dull, brute horror of such existence. Why should I have so much and he so little? He stood for all the downtrodden, laboring, suffering creatures of earth.

I lagged in his footsteps, unwilling to watch him, yet unable to take my eyes from him. He turned in at a gate that hung by one hinge and which creaked complainingly as he swung it wide. The door of the little shanty opened, and a yellow woman, with a child in her arms, cried out with delight at sight of him. Behind her in the little room a fire blazed, and on the table, with its red cloth, a cheerful lamp burned. "Lawdy, hon, I'm suah glad to get home," he said. He kissed her and took the child. The door closed behind them.

I went on through the rain. My heart cried out, "Why should he have so much, and I so little?"

A. Y. P.

ETCHINGS IN PROSE

I. In April

Spring sunshine has passed the day with me in my garden. From dawn until twilight we have been renewing our old acquaintanceship and reviving spent memories. For a year I have not seen a trace of my old friend and yet today he was quite the same as usual. He fancied that I had forgotten his sly tricks of hide-and-seek among the April shower clouds, but he was gravely in error. Such a merry rogue is this spring sunkin, and so whimsical and difficult to conjure! I had not forgotten even one of his little ways. I must have made tiny mind maps of all the quaint patterns he traces upon the ground. He could not surprise me with one of them.

When I woke this morning it was to a morning years and years ago that I stretched my glad hands. My eyes were bathed in the glow of old memories and my lips kissed young faces. It was indeed the selfsame morning that has come to me over and over again on this particular day in April. So it has come to all nature lovers since time began, and, best of all, it will come again to all who care to greet it so long as time shall be.

I knew the sunbeam that shot my lattice through and the robin redbreast that called me into the young day. The same awakening spring was abroad to give me welcome and the sweet smell of broken soil came to my nostrils like balm. The world was singing and I knew the song and was happy. The winter had hidden from sight some place far, far away, and spring with her thousand voices was upon the hills. How I knew her! Pale opal, gentle rose and lavender, crystal blue and water green. This is the pallet of April. So fragile, so pure, and

so delicate! A mere touch may destroy the alchemy.

Come, scent the green things growing and lay your ear to the friendly bosom of earth and hear them climbing to the light. Smell the boxwood after the shower and see all about you my flower beds with their white mantels lifted and the brown blankets rolled back. Behold the display of slender green spears. My army is rallying to the call to arms from the mandates of spring and soon their gay banners will unfold in a riot of lovely color.

The day has been a wonder day and now the deep forests beyond are gleaming with sunset and the western sky is shot with arrows of crimson and saffron. Twilight fades and my day of April slips out with the yesterdays of time and is lost to me forever. The evening is chill. My hearth fire plays merrily and I have drawn my chair close to the casement and am watching and dreaming—watching for my old star against the primrose west and dreaming of a face that I kissed in the gloaming—long ago.

—EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL.

ART AND ETHICS

Soft, vaporous atmosphere; shimmering, opalescent waters; the distant landscape bathed in limpid magnificence of light and color, truly celestial; and the only sentient object visible, a vision of maidenly grace and innocence, who stands like the old Greek statues; chastely, proudly nude: typifying "that most perfect work of God, the human form divine."

Such is the exquisite work of the great painter Paul Chabas, on which, however, the censorious, tarnishing eye of Anthony Comstock, has cast discolored, and whose dictum is, that "the human figure should not be displayed in public without being properly clothed." Analyzed fully, is not this statement an insult to our Creator? Should we blush at the thought of our nakedness when we entered the world?

There is a Buddhist text which asserts: "He alone is wise who can see things without their individuality." Herein lies the principle of true art. The portrayal of a mere naked woman, however masterly in technique and execution, is never art, if art means realism. In sheer realism might originate its offensiveness; but ideal nudity may be truly divine. The trained and cultured eye of the connoisseur does not view a picture so much in detail, but as a whole, synthetically.

Having lived in Paris several years, I realize the refining influence of art upon the French people. Why I will venture to assert, that the coarse, illiterate peasant of that land, looking at "September Morn," would perceive nothing but beauty, and marvel at the skill of the great artist. Even now I can hear him exclaim in ecstatic wonder: "Très joli! très joli!" This class of people, too, admires and appreciates art in his way, and when time can be spared from arduous labor, he visits the salon of Paris, with his family.

In America, it is only the more idle or leisure class that seems to desire, or care much, for our galleries—but the Latin people have the inherent, or natural love of beauty. That which has made and kept Paris the center of art and fashion, is the power of idealism—the occult force of France.

Let ethics and esthetics be taught in our public schools. May our youth realize that beauty is an emanation and manifestation truly divine; and may America speedily grow in art, which is a form of moral grace, as well as of culture.

—HELEN A. SHEPARD.

GRAPHITES

Tveitmoe is to have a rehearing of his appeal, but not a retrial. It is a distinction with a difference.

Internationally, belligerent operations are at a standstill, but in Colorado the cruel war continues.

Vincent Astor was married without the help of yellow newspaper photographers, at all events. The county sheriff with five deputies took care of that.

Col. Roosevelt has emerged from the wilds of the Amazon, convalescent from swamp fever and eager to be home again. The country is heartily glad to learn of his safety and will give him a cordial welcome.

Alfred Balfour, one-time tory leader, has called Winston Churchill, first lord of the British admiralty, a "despised agent" of the government and the "meanest criminal." We pause for the sound of shots.

Madam Lillian Nordica, ill in Batavia, Java, as a result of her exposure, following shipwreck off Thursday island, makes strong appeal to the sympathies of countless thousands who have heard the great diva. But all they can do is to project telepathic goodwill in her direction in the form of prayers for her recovery.

By the Way



Second Mortgage Loan Sharks

It is a question how far the man who borrows money is entitled to public protection. The man who lends the money says, "You know the bargain; if you don't want to keep it, don't make it." Yet a law has been passed which places the maximum interest allowed upon loans of any kind at, I believe, two and one-half per cent a month. This was aimed directly at the "salary loan sharks" and pawnbrokers. Yet there are "loan sharks" who obtain quite as usurious returns upon their money as these, take absolutely no risks, and are regarded as highly respectable. They are the second mortgage gentry. Here is an experience which was related to me this week: A man who owned a house and lot upon which a cash valuation of \$4,000 had been made, and which was encumbered only by a first mortgage of \$1800, wanted to borrow \$1000 on a second mortgage. He applied to a certain firm, and in a few days was told that he could get the \$1000 on this basis—first of all, \$150 was deducted as discount, and then \$25 for the firm's commission in obtaining the loan, after which about \$25 more would be needed to pay the cost of bringing the title down and settling the abstract company's little bill and about \$10 to pay for an appraisal of the property. The cash received would be, therefore, \$790 and the borrower would be required to pay 8 per cent interest on \$1000. The loan being only for one year, the borrower would thus be paying \$290 on \$790, or more than 36½ per cent. Of course, it was quite legal because only 8 per cent appeared as the rate of interest. In this case the man who wanted the \$1000 informed the firm he was not yet starving to death, and certainly did not want money badly enough to pay pawnbroker rates on a loan with first class real estate security. I suppose a man who has money has a right to say on what terms he will let other persons use it for a time, but it does seem that while we were legislating against money sharks this sort of business might have been touched up a bit. In other words, a law specifying a maximum rate of interest is a joke, so long as men can lend a certain sum of money, and charge interest upon and exact repayment of a much larger amount. The one excuse I have heard offered for this extortion is that most persons who borrow money on second mortgages—or at least a great number of them—want the money to buy automobiles which they cannot really afford to operate, and in many cases the holder of the second mortgage is forced to foreclose. Yet even in this event he almost invariably is able so to manipulate things that he makes even a greater profit than when his mortgage is paid, so it is scarcely a valid argument.

That Unanswered Question

Incidentally, I have not yet seen any reply to the question, why were the bonds not segregated? Here again the Crown City offers an object lesson. Last fall, the board of education there wanted \$150,000 for several projects, but refused to segregate the bonds, saying, "All or nothing." The issue was voted down. Another election was called and the amount cut to \$120,000, and still the demand for segregation was unheeded, and again the bonds were rejected. A third election was called, the requirements reduced again to less than \$100,000 and the propositions segregated, whereupon the voters selected those they approved and carried them. The public isn't so big a fool as it appears at times.

Giving Away a Baby

All religious organizations have their peculiar expressions which puzzle the outsider, but a new one cropped up this week which caused an amusing misunderstanding. The Pasadena correspondent of the Herald saw a sign in a window announcing that at the Salvation Army rooms next day there would be a meeting at which a six-weeks old girl baby would be given away. He sought more information at the "barracks" but the officer in charge was absent, and the next in command was inclined to be reticent. So the correspondent telephoned the story to the Herald as it stood, and it was sufficiently unique that it was played up rather prominently, though not so much so as would have been the case if the

war news had not had the right of way. Later in the day the Salvation Army officer was found by the newspaper man, and explained that "giving away a baby" was the expression the General Booth organization employs for its form of baptism, and simply means giving the child "to the service of the Lord." It was too late to correct the story, and doubtless many were surprised that there was no "follow up" on this astonishing incident of a child being promiscuously donated to foster parents at a public meeting.

Boasting of Its Horrors

Guess from what Los Angeles newspaper the following boast is taken—the blanks representing the name of the publication: "Fresh details of the depredations of the federals were to be found only in the _____. The _____ was the only newspaper that had the news of the tortures American women are suffering in Mexico. The _____ was first to print the news of the great coal mine disaster, in which 185 persons were killed." In what publication would you expect to see this unctuous mouthing and gloating over blood and suffering? Well, wherever you would have expected it, it was in the Express that it appeared, the evening paper owned by the same man who, when he started his morning paper had an order posted in the editorial department declaring that news of "sin, sickness and death" must be cut down to an irreducible minimum. But those were the days when Earlism was flourishing in the land. The old couplet has been reversed:

When the devil was well, the devil a saint would be;
When the devil was sick, the devil a saint was he.

Encyclopedias That Do Not Encycle

Following the publication and extensive sale of a new edition of a certain well-known encyclopedia, old editions of the work have gravitated into the hands of second-hand dealers and worse, and one enterprising individual has started a canvass of the city endeavoring to sell, at a low price and on easy terms, these discarded volumes. He succeeded in placing the thirty or more books in a certain house on approval, and called a week later to learn the result. The patriarch of the home was an aged German, and he remarked: "I see the population of Hamburg is the same as when I left there fifty years ago." "Well, you see, them German towns ain't growin' like we are here in California," the agent assured him. "But I can't find Oscar Wilde mentioned anywhere," added a young woman of the family. "Now, miss," the agent said in tones that were gently rebuking, "surely you wouldn't want to have anything about a man like him in a book for the home circle." The sale was not made.

Argument By Invasion

About the only sane argument I have heard in favor of the power bonds was this: "The power companies are opposed to the bonds, therefore it must be that if they were passed they would take profitable business away from the corporations. If this business is profitable, why should it not be taken over by the city?" Of course, the point is that the individuals who are advocating the adoption of the bonds, do not have to make the project pay, but no matter if the city loses money in the power business, and no matter if the rates remain as high as they are at present, the companies will suffer, and be forced into a disagreeable competition with the municipality. If the people can be hoodwinked into voting the bonds they can be hoodwinked likewise into paying its deficits, as has been done in Pasadena. This precipitates a form of commercial warfare which is ultimately tremendously expensive to both parties, and the public always foots the bills.

Now is the Time to do the Howling

Those who are interested in baseball will remember, perhaps, that at the close of last season when the Los Angeles team made a miserable finish to an inglorious season, various sporting writers in the Los Angeles newspapers, pink, green and other colors, took it upon themselves to lambaste Henry Berry for not having spent money in bolstering up his weak team when he found it was losing. At present, it appears the quality of baseball being played in the Pacific Coast League would be a disgrace to a high school series. Yet not a voice is lifted in lamentation. The righteous wrath of the sporting editors is not aroused, because, of course, it would hurt gate receipts. Nor have the sporting editors the same excuse as the dramatic critics, who are tied down to the business office consideration. They have absolute freedom and are hampered only by personal considerations. In what form these considerations exist it is impossible to state. In San Francisco, when the team started off wobbly this season there was a mighty roar and the bracing-up process was prompt. Perhaps, it is only another manifestation of the spirit of eternal "boost" that in Los Angeles no public entertainment is criticised

adversely until a time when the "roast" cannot possibly protect the public. Then, again, perhaps, there are other reasons, less subtle and more personal.

Modest Mr. Norton

When a politician begins using anonymous interviews for campaign material he is in a bad way, but when he is so little impressed by the value of these as to be modest in his use of them he is almost a fit object for pity. Supervisor R. H. Norton quotes an unnamed automobile dealer as assuring him that forty? Mr. Norton might as well have made it 4000 his good roads policy (exact terms of said policy not being stated or known to this deponent) and will vote for him. Now, so long as the friend was to remain anonymous, why limit the number to forty? Mr. Norton might as well have made it 4000 and elected himself on the spot.

First Primer for War Students

"Why is the man mak-ing so much noise?" He wants a war." "Why does he want a war?" "He owns man-y news-pa-pers and war is great for circu-la-tion." "If there is a war will he go to the front and be a great gen-er-al?" "No, my son, he will not." "Why?" "Be-cause his mot-to is Will-i-am Ran-dolph first."

Photographers Get a Respite

"If this war situation had not developed I would certainly have gone insane," said a newspaper photographer the other day. "For the first time in a year there have been several days in succession when I was not assigned to get some sort of a girl picture. These fancy pictures are not so spontaneous as the poses would make you think, and often it takes me a great deal longer to persuade a 'pretty young society leader' to stand for the kind of stuff the public seems to want, and the city editor certainly wants, than it does the reporter to get the story and write it. Thank Providence war brings out the sterner qualities, and editors and readers alike are willing to consider photographs of mere men."

U. of S. C. Boys Did Well

Representatives of the University of Southern California who went east last week to compete in the Pennsylvania relay games held at Philadelphia, were surprisingly successful in the special events, above any other university represented. While Harvard gained the mile intercollegiate championship, Illinois the two-mile intercollegiate, and the Oxford quartette from England took first honors in the four mile intercollegiate, the men from Los Angeles captured four out of seven firsts in the special events, being first in the high hurdles, in the pole vault, in the hundred dash and in the broad jump. The men who thus brought honor to Southern California and to their university were Kelly, who won the high hurdles in the Stockholm Olympic games two years ago; Drew, the wonderful sprinter, and young Borgstrom, who is marvellous at pole vaulting. Ben Ward added a second (tie) at the high jump and a third at the pole vault. In all, they gained 21¾ points, thus far distancing any other institution. The weather was cold and the ground slushy, which may have told against them.

Text From Marcus Aurelius

There is such a thing as burying oneself in the classics, and then there is such a thing as losing a valuable perspective upon life by neglecting such wisdom as that of Marcus Aurelius. I think if more people would pick up a word or two from one of these ancient philosophers every day, and digest it, the result would be of greatest value. For instance, if three men who publish newspapers in Los Angeles made a close study of Meditation No. 37, Book X: "Let it be your constant method to look into the design of people's actions, and see what they would be at, as often as it is practicable"—and right here there seems to come an interruption, "We do, we do" in shrill falsetto from Hill street, stentorian baritone from Eleventh and grumbling bass from First and Broadway, but, hearken—"and to make this custom the more significant, practise it first upon yourself."

Stage Loses Mrs. Faversham

Friends of the Favershams in Los Angeles will regret to learn that Mrs. William Faversham (Julie Opp) probably never will be seen again on the stage. She recently became afflicted with an illness which, while probably not fatal in its immediate results, has caused her to abandon her profession and retire to the Faversham home in England. While not a particularly brilliant actress, Mrs. Faversham was a woman of such striking beauty and physique, and so charming in personality, that she was a valuable member of her husband's companies. They had a host of friends in Los Angeles, and were much entertained whenever they came this way. Mr. Fav-

ersham has gone into vaudeville to round out his season, and will probably go to join his wife in England in the early summer. Unlike most of the player folk, he is wealthy, his home just outside of London being rather a show place even in that region of palatial residences. Incidentally, his wealth has been all his own making, and he earned it all on the stage. There are few actors who reach the top rung who could not be worth probably more in dollars and cents than he, for he has never lowered his flag to the passing fancy of the moment; but unlike most actors he has a keen head for business, and has consistently avoided the excesses which keep most of the best paid actors poor, although he also has avoided the niggardliness which has made such men as Harry Lauder a standing joke. In many respects Faversham is the highest type of the player, and it would be a distinct loss to the American public if the illness of his wife, to whom he is known to be deeply devoted, should keep him permanently on the other side of the Atlantic.

Order Your Millennium Robe

Pullman tips to be abolished! Can it be? If so, let us all have our measurements taken for millennium robes. This ancient and honorable form of graft has been in existence so long that it is doubtful if the traveling public could journey in comfort without the accustomed holdup of whatever the traffic will bear for a mediocre shoe-shine which probably was not needed and a "brush off" in the narrow passage way accompanied by the jostling of fellow-passengers in and out preparing to leave the car. It is a black lookout for Ethiopia.

Latest Recruit for the Movies

William Keefe, the Pasadena correspondent of the Examiner, is the latest newspaper man to succumb to the lure of the moving picture production business. He has hired himself to the Mutuals as scenario writer, editor and publicity promoter, and those who know the quality of Keefe's imagination believe this field will allow him more scope for his talents. I hear there is a little snickering going on in the Examiner office over this incident, because of the rumor that a certain prominent attache of the paper, who has tried his hand in at least two other forms of literary endeavor, without success, has lately been trying to make a place for himself as scenario writer, with similar results.

Talking to Himself Again

Like a man with the habit of talking in his sleep, William R. Hearst has resumed his occupation of writing letters to himself, though this time he has not been so contemptuous of public common sense as to label them "not intended for publication." Monday's Los Angeles Examiner contained another of these epistles from Hearst to "the editor in charge of this paper," upon which the editor commented at considerable length. Now, that is quite permissible, quite ethical, though intensely silly. It is when we find that exactly the same letter is found in the San Francisco Examiner, "addressed to 'the editor in charge of this paper,'" supplemented with precisely the same comment by that editor that was furnished by the Los Angeles editor, that the thing becomes more than a joke, and assumes the aspect and proportions of a national insult, for of course the same thing appeared in every other Hearst paper published that morning. This mad shriek for war, Hearst is trying to make it appear, is not only his voice, but is echoed by each of the communities in which his papers are published, the sentiment of which his "editor in charge of this paper" is supposed to represent. So he dictates his diatribe, and then dictates the comment he wants his editors to make, to support his argument and glorify his name, and sends it out over the longest leased wire, as he did when he praised himself for his patriotic stand in the war-free tolls editorial a short time ago. It would not make so much difference if the scurrilous attacks upon the Wilson administration reached only intelligent people, for then they would be understood and discounted accordingly. But the Hearst publications everywhere are directed almost exclusively at the mob, and being read principally by those who lack the capability of arguing things out for themselves, they arouse passions which only a deed of violence can adequately express. For this reason Hearst is the greatest menace confronting this nation today—not even excepting Mexico, Colorado and the I. W. W.

Mrs. Funston No Less Important

While General Funston is landing his troops in Vera Cruz Mrs. Funston has been attending to her duties at home with the result that a brand new girl baby has been brought into the world. Thus we see that General Funston is no whit more important in the universe than his creative wife. No wonder that General Funston's transports are noted in the inner harbor of Vera Cruz.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

With his conceited little strut and his assured tilt of the chin, Mischa Elman came on to the Auditorium stage Tuesday night to open his recital with a Beethoven sonata, which he played from a fat red book. In response to an inquiry, a man in the gallery said to his best girl, "He is playing that from the music because he hasn't had time to learn it by heart." And maybe that was true, for eleven days before Elman was playing to a big audience in New York city. Second came the Goldmark concerto, op. 28. This is something of a novelty here, but it is well worth hearing, especially in the hands of so great a player as Elman. One may trace in it likenesses to bits of Bach, Mendelssohn, and Paganini—but that is nothing against it. If one were to avoid all the greater composers did, there would be nothing left to do—but to be greater than they. And it is interesting to trace similitudes, though, perhaps it is ungenerous to mention them thus. The Handel sonata in E major was followed by a group of arrangements from Chopin, Schumann and Gretry, followed by a real violin number, the Wieniawsky Polonaise in A major. This latter is full of bravura work—all as easy as can be to the flying fingers of the little Russian. Outside of all technical matters, Elman appeals to the human heart in his listeners by the sympathy of his tone and the never-maudlin sentiment with which he presents the musical ideas. At one with him in build, physically and musically, is Percy Kahn, the pianist, whose work, in its way, is as delightful as that of Elman. The violinist gives another recital this afternoon at the Auditorium with a program of equal interest to that of last Tuesday, which ended the first Philharmonic course. The last event of the matinee series will be given by the Flonzaly quartet next Saturday afternoon. Its appearance is one of the major musical events of the year.

True to its record of years, the Ellis Club presented a program last Monday night which probably could not be duplicated for manner of production in more than four other cities in the country. The club numbers about ninety men, under J. B. Poulin, and sings with a precision and an observance of directions that mark it one of the best in the country and undoubtedly the best male chorus in the west. Of main interest on this program was the Grail chorus from "Parsifal." This long and difficult selection, accompanied by Miss O'Donoghue at the piano and Mr. Hastings at the organ, came as near opera as could be—minus scenery and orchestra, and was as enjoyable in the instrumental as in the vocal section. Arthur Foote's "Bedouin Song," Spross' "Quivering Lyre" and Hammond's "Lochinvar" were other delightful numbers, given with a spirit and unity that are among the best features of the club's singing. Henry Schoenefeld was represented by a short number, "Im Tiefen Keller," neat and pleasing in construction.

Soloists at the Ellis concert were Grace James, lyric soprano, and Olga Steeb-Keefer. I think this was Miss James' first appearance here on a large program. Her voice is a light soprano, accurately placed and true in pitch. Equally pleasing is her style of song rendition, though in Filke's

"Spring Night" the chorus was permitted to overwhelm the soprano in tone quantity. Mrs. Steeb-Keefer's work is reviewed at length in a succeeding paragraph. The Brahms and Strauss-Evlar numbers offered on this program were well suited to the occasion and the pianist received enthusiastic applause, as also did Miss James. A general audience likes to see and hear difficulties surmounted, and with ease, and in this respect as well as that of musicianly interpretation, Miss Steeb (or Mrs. Keefer, as you will) offers all that could be asked. The audience was a regular "Ellis club audience," which means "large and appreciative." The next concert by the club will close its eighteenth season.

"Hats off, gentlemen, a genius," admonished Schumann, in his musical journal, seventy-five years ago, on the discovery of a great musical talent. And "hats off" we must say of a great musical talent in Los Angeles—one that can play three concertos—two of them among the most difficult—in one concert, and which if need be, could have multiplied that by three or four. Hardly necessary is it to say we refer to Olga Steeb, in her remarkable performance with the Woman's Orchestra, last Friday night at the Auditorium. This was an unusual program. Occasionally, such a large bill is offered in Europe, but outside of the performances of a very few of the world-celebrated artists, and then possibly not with orchestra, I do not remember of seeing such a list of pianistic works on one program in America. Opening with the Mozart "Don Juan" overture, by the orchestra, played with accuracy and vigor under the able baton of Henry Schoenefeld, the program passed at once to the concertos offered by Miss Steeb. They were the Grieg, the Mozart in D major and the Saint Saens in G minor. Mozart rather suffered by the juxtaposition of the moderns, his child-like themes and gentle treatment of them being overwhelmed by the richness of theme and orchestration of the later composers.

This was an interesting study for the pianist or the general musician. In the first place, the Grieg concerto is the greatest work the Scandinavian composer wrote. It is quite characteristic in its Norse themes, and modern in its rich harmonies, rich with tone color and vivid orchestration. Forty years ago it was first performed by Louis Brassin, one of the most capable pianists of his day, and since that time has grown steadily in favor with artist and public. After Beethoven, all composer writers dictated their own cadenzas; so with Grieg. Prior to Beethoven, the performer was supposed to be able to improvise his own—which permission was so abused that Beethoven settled the matter once for all. Several composers have written cadenzas for the same concerto, notably for the Mozart works. The Mozart D major concerto, which Miss Steeb played, was written for the court at Frankfort, and while that princely body might have found it delectable, nowadays, in the light of modern composition, it seems rather puerile, verbose and uninteresting. Yet, from a historical point of view it was a stepping stone on which the modern arose. Truly, it has the Mozartian suavity of melody and geniality of treatment.

It was in the big Saint Saens work that Miss Steeb achieved her greatest

success—a work bristling with difficulties, one which only an artist of high rank dare touch. Composed a half dozen years before the Grieg work, it has less of the national spirit, but, perhaps, more polish, more brilliancy—the French finish superimposed on the solid construction which gave the composer first place among modern French musicians. Not only is the piano part notable, but the orchestra has an individuality, a symphonic importance, a musical interest which would almost allow this accompaniment to be heard alone for its own beauties. It is enough to say that this concerto is the most enjoyable that has come from the pen of a French composer.

Absolute freedom and certainty marked Miss Steeb's performance of these works. Her command of her instrument is unbounded and yet with her nerve force eliciting a sonorous tone, she does not pound the instrument or carry the tonal quantity to a point where the quality is unpleasant, as many players do—both greater and lesser players than she. Her high standing in point of technique and conception is largely the outcome of her own musical nature. Her early instruction, the foundation work, was done with her father—happy father, he, thus listening to his daughter's triumph. Following this came a course of instruction with Thilo Becker, and then to Europe, where she listened and learned, but did not put herself under any one instructor. Quiet, unassuming, almost too forgetful of her audience, and never "playing to the gallery" for applause, this modest little woman may be another Bloomfield-Zeissler, if her future is guided aright.

The Woman's Orchestra had taken a good-sized contract in accompanying these concertos. Many a time the Symphony orchestra, in doing such work, has laid itself open to unfavorable criticisms, in doing much less competent work with a soloist than in its regular numbers. Director Schoenefeld had his girls well in hand, so to speak, and the sins were more of omission than commission. The violins and wood winds were commendable; less in tune being the brasses and the bass viols. Long and careful rehearsals had been given these works and the performance showed the care of the director and the interest of the performers.

Two interesting musical affairs took place Saturday. The first was a recital of the pupils of Oskar Seiling at Symphony hall, in the afternoon. Mr. Seiling presented Vivian Duane, Fay Gooch, Ruth Hitchcock, Marguerite Marshall, Sadie Stanton and Leona Walton, with Hazel Peaterson and Harold Gleason at the piano. The selections were from standard violin writers and called for considerable technical ability and finish of interpretation, which Mr. Seiling is amply able to impart, being one of the most artistic players in the west.

General regret on the part of the public marks the close of the Behymer management of the Auditorium, which takes place this month. Mr. Behymer has made the Auditorium the center of musical life in the whole southwest, and very little of the highest standing has been given in the city except under his management and in this house. It is probable that his Philharmonic and other concerts will be given next season at the Trinity church, Ninth and Grand, where a fine auditorium is just being completed, built by the Los Angeles Investment Company, acting as agent of the owner. This auditorium will seat 1200 to 1500 and will be supplied with a large organ.

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Vote "NO" because the electric companies offer to co-operate with the city in distribution, or to buy all power at wholesale under State Railroad Commission rates, the city to control retail price.

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tional Tank & Mfg. Co., Geo. H. Nich-
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mund Norton.
O
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Percival Iron Co., Phillips Iron Works,
Lee A. Phillips, Pioneer Boiler & Ma-
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Corcoran, Pfeister Co., Pacific Brass
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G. Smith, Mrs. J. P. Swan, Mrs. J. J.
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and charge them against the stockholders.

School Bond Election May 14th
POWER BOND COMMITTEE.

Social & Personal

Many a fashionable romance has had its culmination inside the flower-decked walls of St. John's Episcopal Church, but society had seldom taken a keener interest than it did in the wedding Wednesday night which united Miss Georgie Off, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. A. Off of San Juan Capistrano, to Mr. John Arthur Somers. Both the bride and Mr. Somers have been leaders in the younger set and they are great favorites. The picturesque church was brilliant with blossoms and plants carrying out the bride's conception of a rainbow wedding. Masses of amaryllis, ferns and rainbow tulle were used in decorations. Brass vases held great clusters of the amaryllis, and the same blossoms were tied to the pew posts with bows of the tulle. Potted plants, huckleberry branches, and asparagus plumosus made a sylvan background. The bride was in white satin, made en traine and with bouffant draperies, with touches of filmy lace. Her tulle veil was filleted with orange blossoms, and her only ornament was the platinum and diamond pin which was the gift of the bridegroom. She carried an armful of white orchids with a cascade of ribbons and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Walter C. McCarty, the matron of honor, wore a taffeta gown of turquoise blue, trimmed with lace which was woven with gold thread. A headdress of golden tulle, with little yellow rosebuds, golden slippers and a great armful of yellow poppies completed her costume. Miss Amy Busch wore pale blue taffeta, with forget-me-nots in her quaint little bonnet, Miss Elizabeth Wood was in canary-colored taffeta, with nasturtiums in her bonnet, Miss Winifred Maxon was in pink, with a wreath of hollyhocks as a head-dress, Miss Dorothy Greaves of San Francisco wore pansies on her bonnet and a gown of pale lavender, Miss Katherine Flint was in pale green and wore mignonette, while Miss Gertrude Shafer had on a gown of pale pink, and her hat was smothered in roses. The dresses were all fashioned in the Bo-Peep style, with rhinestone trimmings, and all the attendants wore rhinestone buckles on their shoes and carried great clusters of maidenhair ferns. Little Misses Margaret and Dorothy Fulton, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton, in frocks of shadow lace over pale pink, were the flower girls, and small John Off carried the ring. The best man was Mr. Milton Clarke Somers, and the ushers included Messrs. Allan T. Archer, Carleton S. Burke, William K. Crawford, George H. Reed, Chalmers Coutts Gray, James R. Page, Irving M. Walker, Jerry H. Powell, Harry B. Wilson, and Albert Glass. After the ceremony a supper was served for the bridal party at the California Club, where bride roses and ferns and rainbow tulle were used on the table. Mr. and Mrs. Somers have gone north for the honeymoon, and on their return are to be at home in Juliet street.

Miss Evangeline Duque was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday afternoon at her home in New Hampshire street, the affair being in honor of Miss Isabel Watson, whose marriage to Mr. Stuart O'Melveny is to take place in June. Covers were laid for twelve at a table graced with pink roses and maidenhair ferns in a crystal bowl.

Another affair for Miss Isabel Watson was the informal luncheon given by Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff at her home on West Adams street. Spring blossoms decorated the little tables, and sixty guests were invited.

Mrs. Arthur R. Deacon of St. Louis,

who has been visiting in Los Angeles and Pasadena for several weeks, was the honored guest at two luncheons given this week, Thursday and Friday afternoons, by Mrs. Eli P. Clark of St. James Park. Spring blossoms and fernery decorated the tables for both occasions, and the luncheons took place at Hotel Clark.

Miss Marie McCoy of Oxford avenue complimented Miss Martha Woolwine with a luncheon Thursday afternoon, the guests being seated at small tables with centerpieces formed of gilt baskets, brimming with Cecre Brunner rosebuds and maidenhair ferns. Bride sketches marked places for Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. J. C. McCoy, Mrs. Mai Banks Mathews, Mrs. Forrest Stanton, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. John F. Curran, Mrs. Louis H. Tolhurst, Mrs. Stanley Guthrie, and the Misses Helen Ives, Miriam Ives, Elizabeth Wood, Gladys Lobingier, Dorothy Lindley, Dorothy Williams, Florence Johnstone, Marion Wigmore, Mathilde Bartlett, Marguerite Hughes, Mary Hughes, Reavis Hughes, Constance Byrne, Helen Chandler, Beatrice Finlayson, Margaret Leonard, Helen Higgins, Selma Ingram, Mary Scott, Lucille Phillips, Virginia Walsh, Eleanor MacGowan, Helen Hoover and Jane Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Newton of West Adams street have gone to New York, en route for an European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell MacDonald Taylor of Berkeley Square gave an informal dinner Thursday evening, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. James Soutter Porter and Mr. Louis Vetter.

Monday afternoon Miss Winifred Maxon of Ardmore avenue gave a delightful luncheon for Miss Off. In the center of the table was a floral altar, before which stood a tiny bride and groom, with a quaint bridal party in proper array behind them. Pink roses, little bisque cupids, and other dainty favors made a most attractive table. Covers were laid for Mrs. Walter McCarty, Miss Amy Busch, Miss Katherine Flint, Miss Gertrude Shafer, Miss Dorothy Greaves and Miss Elizabeth Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Modini Wood of St. James Park have closed their home for a time and will be at the Beverly Hills Hotel for a change. Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. Perry, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Mr. Perry Wood, and Miss Mona Wood will accompany them.

Two spring luncheons were given by Mrs. Boyle Workman this week at her home on Normandie avenue. Monday afternoon spring blossoms were used in decorating, and covers were placed for Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Howard Huntington, Mrs. W. G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. Walter Raymond, Mrs. Robert Frick, and Mrs. W. H. Workman, Jr. Tuesday vari-colored iris were used in decorations, and the guests were Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick, Mrs. John G. Mott, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. Will S. Hook, Jr., and Mrs. Russell M. Taylor.

About seventy guests enjoyed the dinner dance given Monday evening at the Midwick Country club by the Misses Katherine and Marjorie Ramsay in honor of Miss Isabel Watson, daughter of Mrs. William A. Staats of

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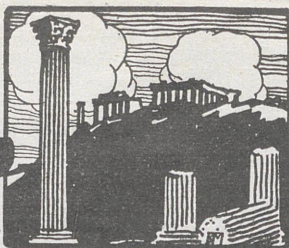


\$15 to \$40

(Continued on page eleven)



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:

Senefelder Club—Museum Art Gallery.
Henrietta M. Shore—Reynolds Gallery.
No doubt many readers on their short

excursions into the realms of art have heard the familiar expression, "as delicate as an English watercolor." To the person unacquainted with the development of aquarelle painting this application may seem a mere figure of speech. We always look to the medium of watercolor for a gentler art expression than can be obtained by the use of oil pigments. There are those who decry the watercolor treatment as too mild a thing to come within the measure of a man's work, yet many of our most successful modern painters have attained success through this medium. England has produced many splendid painters in the development of her latter day art and not a few of these have devoted their attention wholly to watercolor work. For a time it was the vogue for the English women of leisure and a rare taste for tea and crumpets to pursue the study of painting and in the Victorian period the number of pale sweet "drawings" that were painted was almost beyond belief.

* * *

As a rule these were all of one variety. Pale, delicate greens in meadowlands, hedges and tree forms, with a church in the distance, a cow by a brooklet in the foreground, and a gray-blue sky, slightly barred with rose and saffron. It seems to me that I have seen hundreds of this same subject painted with but slight variation. Thatched cottages and vari-tinted gardens with tall hollyhocks peering above the wall also submitted to much reproduction in a mild way. For a time England and watercolorists were synonymous. It followed that much of the work seen in studios, shops, galleries, and private homes was of little or no art value. However, it was impossible to deny its color charm and delicacy of handling. It required a later school of art workers to elevate the watercolor study to the high level of the oil canvases, but none who is informed in art matters can deny the triumph of watercolor rendering. Without question, England has done more than any other country to advance the standard of the watercolor and today can boast of more finished artists in this field than can any other nation under the sun.

* * *

All who care for real English watercolors and are able to appreciate a proper handling of this difficult medium should visit the new art rooms recently opened in the Title Guarantee building at Broadway and Fifth street. This attractive little gallery is called "Art and Fancy" and is presided over by two young women of culture and talent. At present, the studio is given over to a joint exhibition of the water colors of Mr. E. F. Holding and oils by Frederic Gay. The work of these men is not alone new to the west, but has never before been shown in America. Mr. E. F. Holding is one of the most original of modern English watercolorists and is a noteworthy exhibitor at the Royal Society of British Artists, Royal Glasgow Society, Glasgow Institute, and Royal Hibernian Academy. Holding's favorite sketching grounds seem to be the lowlands of East Anglia with their wide expanse of sky and

low interesting horizon, the luxuriantly wooded country of Surrey, and the wild open ranges of Dartmoor in Devon.

* * *

Holding offers about fifteen studies at this time, five of which seem wholly a disturbance may brush the frail Of these five the most noteworthy are "The Pool," "Maxham Church" and "On the Dartmoor." "The Pool" is by far the best study shown and is one of the most successful and altogether pleasing watercolors that it has been my good fortune to find in many months. It is subtle in values and as elusive in character as a day in April. The color is run on and allowed to dry in broad washes. One almost holds his breath before this canvas lest even so slight a disturbance may brush the frail beauty from sight. "Maxham Church" is notable for its simple composition and its fine feeling for light and air. The cloud bank in the sky is particularly well handled. "On the Dartmoor" might easily have been painted at our own Monterey, so alike is its subject to one I have in mind near Carmel-by-the-Sea. This study is notable for its fine variety of grays and a wonderful play of light.

* * *

The work in oil by Frederic Gay is less important. Mr. Gay seems to have nothing new to say with his brush, although I do not think it fair to judge his art by the three examples shown. Mr. Gay is an officer of the French Academy and a member of the jury of the Societe des Amis des Arts. He is an exhibitor at the Paris Salon and other leading exhibitions. The paintings from his brush represent typical scenes in Provence and Riviera.

* * *

Thirty seven studies in oil by Henrietta M. Shore are now on public view in the Reynolds Gallery, South Broadway. This collection may be seen for the next two weeks. Miss Shore came to Los Angeles recently from Toronto, Canada, and is our newest recruit in local art ranks. She has opened a studio in the Hollingsworth building and declares her intention of becoming one of us. Miss Shore began her art study in London, but we feel that her strongest influence came from this side of the water. In her work we see much of Henri, some of Chase, and a little of Miss Beaux. Many of Miss Shore's most delightful canvases depict happy children at play. In direct contrast to these she paints rather plain women, no longer young, and some with a subtle air of tragedy and disappointment about them. The majority of the canvases shown at this time are studio studies and were painted to please the artist. Miss Shore styles herself a portrait painter, but it would seem from the present showing that she is essentially a genre painter. Her work is big, broad and comprehensive. It is strong in color and virile in treatment and thoroughly intelligent. All who enjoy an exhibit that makes one think should not fail to visit this one. Next week I shall review the collection.

Social and Personal (Continued from page ten)

Pasadena, who is soon to marry Mr. Stuart O'Melveny. The tables were arranged with pink roses and tulle, and broad bands of satin ribbons with sprays of lilies of the valley.

Miss Josephine Struve, daughter of Mrs. Josephine L. Struve of the Bry-

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son, is to marry Mr. Walter E. Seeley, the ceremony to take place May 15. Mr. Seeley is the son of Mrs. Henry Cheney, formerly Mrs. Leah Seeley. Monday evening Mrs. Cheney gave a dinner and a theater party in honor of the young people.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland entertained with a house party at the Bolsa Chica Gun Club Monday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Get thee hence, Laura Jean Libbey! Begone, with thy tales of vice reformed and virtue enthroned, for verily hath a mere man come in the night and swiped from thee that circlet of laurels with which the admiring shopgirls of the world hath decked thine alabaster brow! What glory remains in "Wedded, but Left at the Church" since Adolph Philipp hath labored and brought forth "My Shadow and I"? It temporarily resides at the Burbank; perchance, for strange, indeed, is the taste of the populace, it may stay there for several weeks. There are more hackneyed lines, time-worn and trite, gathered into the three acts than there would be in an encyclopedia of "Melodramatists' Favorite Phrases." It is "some play." In the first act there is a farmhouse and a church, peals from the organ, character from the village, and all other accessories of the bucolic drama.

Billy Griffin is the hero. Billy has left his sweetheart, Helen Thomas, and gone to New York to make his fortune. However, he retrogrades into a knight of the road, and when he comes home naturally Helen's family grows a little peevish. But Helen and Billy sit on a bench and wander back to the days when she was a little blue-eyed girl and he was a boy with eyes that were oftentimes black, when they arranged a future wherein Helen played housekeeper and Billy wage-earner. Helen's sweet persuasions sway Billy to go to New York to "make a man of himself"; otherwise, to become a first-class shoemaker. Meantime, the joyous celebration of the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas is rudely interrupted by the arrival of the president of the bank in which young Charley Thomas is an employee. Kind Mr. President, who has come all the way from New York to interview the young man—bank presidents are so prone to that sort of thing—informs the gathered village folk and the sorrowful parents that Charley has stolen thirty thousand dollars. Of course, the president should have been a real gent and have waited until he got father and mother into a secluded corner to break the news. Father Thomas pays Charley's defalcation, but refuses to forgive the boy, and sends him out into the cold dark world, despite the pleas of his mother and sister.

When he leaves the old homestead he is under Billy's wing, but, evidently, Bill loses him by the wayside, because when the next act opens in Billy's cobbler shop in New York, Charley is not to be seen. But he doesn't stay away long. He drops in on Christmas Eve, a tattered, whining tramp, to beg a cup of coffee and a few cents. Everybody drops in on Billy that night. Even Helen and her father, leaving poor mother alone in her country home, come to New York to see Billy. Meantime, Billy cooks an Irish stew, and ladles out sunshine and platitudes with abandon. Poor Charley! Luck is against him. Circumstances try to make a thief of him again, because an unscrupulous newsboy steals the little roll of money Mr. Thomas puts on the table for Billy's Christmas gift, and passes the theft on to the innocent Charles.

Once again father sternly points to the door and bids Charles "b'gone." Does he go? Nay, nay! Comes Billy, and says, "Stop, villain. It is a cold night, and you shouldn't send your son out. If you won't be nice to him, I

will." Father gets grouchy and drags Helen out, declaring that Billy is henceforth a stranger to her. But Billy quotes Scripture and looks as happy as an auld kirk meenister preaching a sermon on eternal damnation. Of course, in the last act Charley is forgiven, and reforms; Billy, already reformed, is also forgiven, and the end arrives. It is a sort of combination "Old Homestead," "Way Down East" and "Sowing the Wind." There is even the ruined girl, only in this case her ancient lover finally donates a wedding ring, and everything is quite proper.

Mr. Philipp must be credited with an honest effort to create a wholesome moral atmosphere. It would seem that the man has made an earnest attempt to surround the play with a homely philosophy and a wholesome cleanliness. But all the superlatives with which one describes the heights of mediocrity belong to the play. The construction is atrocious. The lines are relics of the barbaric age, the law of coincidence is overworked until one pities it; the character drawing is inadequate, the situations lack intensity, consistence and conviction. It is amateurish and juvenile—poor food for adult minds. Extraneous characters continually halt the action, and the verities of life are left unheeded. The Burbank company is given little opportunity to distinguish itself. The best acting in the piece is done by the bubbling pot of Irish stew.

"Seeing Stars" at the Orpheum

If the defection of our stars from the legitimate ranks to the attractions of vaudeville continues, even those who eschew the latter form of entertainment will be forced to visit the "two a day" in order to see the great actors of their time. The latest recruit is Olga Nethersole, who is playing the third act of "Sapho" at the Orpheum this week. There is a curious compositeness about Olga Nethersole—a sort of glimpse of Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Florence Roberts and Mrs. Pat Campbell. She seems to have gleaned a shadow from each one of these, and this is markedly evident in Sapho. Her Fanny LeGrand no longer has the attraction of youth, but it has all of the tempest of alternate fire, passion, jealousy, remorse and love of the woman of her type. It is odd to reflect that noisy grief never gains sympathy as does the dumb, inarticulate hurt that the consummate actress can depict. Of course, a woman of Fanny's type would incline toward the noisy, and Miss Nethersole is probably faithful to the true development of the character in screaming as she does at the climax, but the only emotion aroused in the onlooker is a sympathy for Jean in escaping from her. The act is well done, but far from pleasant. A most unfortunate intrusion is the crying of a child off stage which is so obviously done by an adult as to be rendered ridiculous and absurd. Herman Timberg, who was once with the "School Days" company, amuses both himself and his audience with music and patter, and Henry Catalano and Jack Denny, with their ragtime ditties, are equal favorites. After a successful tour of the circuit, Lucy and Bessie Fuhrer, with their violin and 'cello, are warmly welcomed to their home town. Bill Pruitt, the Cowboy Caruso, need not prove a menace to the opera singer's hopes for the future. He will never enter into active rivalry. Mosher, Mayes and Mosher do a series of dif-

ficult cycling stunts, with a good deal of comedy, the Hartleys hold over, and Paul Armstrong's melodrama "To Save One Girl" is in its last week.

Olcott's Winning Way at the Mason

It doesn't matter much to Chauncey Olcott's admirers what he plays, so long as he can be a gallant Irishman and sing a few Irish songs in the vibrant tenor voice that still retains a great deal of its youthful quality. "Shameen Dhu," his latest vehicle, in which he is appearing at the Mason Opera House this week, gives him plenty of opportunity to depict the blarneying, gallant, devil-may-care Irishman which delights his following. And an American interest is imparted to the play, by its association with our revolution, idealizing the sympathy that existed between the Irishmen and our own people across the sea in their fight for liberty. There isn't much to the play, but it is a pretty, pleasant little tale, enlightened with occasional bursts of gentle humor, and with plenty of love-making and interludes of sentimental singing. As Dare O'Donnell, the Irish poet who writes as "Shameen Dhu," Olcott has an opportunity to invest his graceful person in a series of vastly becoming costumes. Perhaps, Chauncey Olcott isn't so much of an actor, but he has a rare grace of personality and movement and a voice of rare sweetness in speaking, and his audiences cannot get enough of his singing. He has several new songs in this production, his Irish lullaby, with its haunting, sleepy little croon, showing his voice to the best advantage. His support is capital. Robert Gill as Edward O'Dea and David Glassford as Martin McGleash shine among the masculine contingent and Mrs. Jennie Lamont is an excellent old Irish woman. Constance Molineaux is a beautiful dame, especially in riding habit, but her acting is not of the best, although it is pleasant enough to pass. And so long as there is Chauncey Olcott and fun and frolic and music, his audience is vastly content with anything he does.

"Her Soul and Her Body" at Majestic

Probably with a well balanced company, suitable scenery, and a goodly lot of "tinkering" Louise Closser Hale's dramatization of her novel, "Her Soul and Her Body," would make an acceptable play. As it stands, however, in its production at the Majestic theater this week, it is desultory and ineffectual from many points of view. Of course, the play is built around Mrs. Douglas Crane, whose dancing entitles her to more than a casual audience, and whose dramatic talent will probably carry her to pleasant things when it is further developed. But at present Mrs. Crane's stage presence, except in her beautiful dances, lacks the poise and the ease, the surety of expression that must be a part of the equipment of an actress who assumes a leading role. She has the naivete and the grace so necessary to the role of "Missy," the little country girl who comes to New York and goes through fire to keep her body untainted and to awaken her soul, and her dances, of course, are par excellence. Of the company which surrounds Mrs. Crane, however, only Edmond S. Lowe as Van Wyck Ruyn can be said even to approach his part. Mr. Lowe is an excellent actor, doubly satisfying by virtue of contrast with his colleagues. The second act deteriorates into a vaudeville performance, satisfying in itself, but hardly the thing to better the dramatic interest of the offering.

"The Echo" at the Morosco

Rock and Fulton are great favorites in Los Angeles. Neither of them can sing, but both are dancers extraordinary and funmakers of no mean talent. So, it doesn't matter in what they appear, they get across just the same. Their latest vehicle, "The

Echo," is at the Morosco this week, and while it is not so good a show as "The Candy Shop," it is a worthy successor. As the bell hop in a mountain resort William Rock employs every old trick of the comedian's trade, but he has the knack of making old jokes sound new, and when he dances, especially with Maude Fulton, it brings down the house. It is as natural for Maude Fulton to be funny as it is for the rain to fall. She dances like a wood sprite, the liquid grace of her movements being discernible even in the grotesque steps which go to make up the modern meandering into which dancing has degenerated. There is little plot or reason to the new play, but it moves briskly, with plenty of snap. Kitty Doner, whose quicksilver personality won her a big following in "The Candy Shop," has a bigger role in "The Echo." She is a little inclined now to exaggerate the eccentricities which won her the first hearing, which is unfortunate. As an eccentric comedienne she is very much worth while, but it is always dangerous to carry an exaggeration too far. Frances White is pretty as a picture as Molly Brewster, and her voice is greatly improved. Playing opposite Oscar Ragland, who is as big as she is little—is like seeing a tiny fox terrier and a huge Newfoundland together. Just the sight of them proves one of the biggest laughs in the production. Alf Goulding is always inclined to overdo the comic possibilities of his role. It is a pity that Fred Santley is not taught to sing. He has a good voice, but uses it so badly, that before many years it will be hopelessly ruined. There is a large chorus, stunningly clad, but not conspicuous for its beauty.

Offerings For Next Week

At the Majestic for the week beginning Monday night "The Passing Show of 1913" will be presented, with travesties on "Peg o' My Heart," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "A Good Little Devil," "Mrs. Potiphar" and other New York successes to add to the fun. The cast is the original one and includes nearly one hundred people, with a chorus from the famous New York Winter Garden. The principal players are Conroy and LeMaire, Charles and Mollie King, Elizabeth Goodall, Laura Hamilton, Louise Bates, Ernest Hare, Ethel Gray, Arthur Mehlin, and many others. The production is a big one, and among striking effects is one showing the capitol steps at Washington. Thirty-one musical numbers are presented. The story concerns Peg o' My Heart, who is sent by parcels post from England. The villainous Mrs. Potiphar employs several noted crooks—noted in drama—to abduct her and take her to Mexico, and the fun grows fast and furious. The blackface comedians, Conroy and LeMaire, head the

Saturday afternoon, May 9, will mark the last event of the musical season and the last of the Philharmonic attractions, when the famous Flonzaley chamber music quartet will offer an interesting program. This noted quartet is well known in America, although hailing from Europe. After the players finish their season they will return home; d'Archambeau goes to Belgium for a visit, Pochon to Paris, Betti and Ara to Italy, and then they rejoin one another at Mr. Pochon's home in Tronchet, Lausanne, overlooking Lake Geneva, miles from the public. Here they practice for their coming season, and on Sundays they give a concert at the home of Edward de Coppet, founder of the quartet. They are unusual men, and musicians of unusual attainments. For their program here they have chosen: Quartet in C minor op. 18, No. 4, Beethoven; sonata a tre for two violins and cello, Leclair; Variations from the Quartet in D minor, Schubert; (a) Andante cantabile, Tchaikowsky; (b) Scherzo, Borodine.

For a time at least the Burbank

company seems to have settled down into the legitimate ranks, and Sunday afternoon the stock company will offer "Stop Thief," one of the most successful farces of years, which ran for many months in New York city. Its production should be in capable hands in the Burbank company. Selma Paley, who has been absent from the cast for several weeks, will have the leading role of Nell Jones, the girl thief, and Forrest Stanley will have the biggest role that he has been given of late in the part of Jack Doogan, her sweetheart. "Stop Thief" deals with two young crooks, a man and a woman, who are planning to rob a home in which a fashionable wedding is about to take place, and in which there are many valuable wedding gifts. They get into a number of exciting situations, and there are many surprises to the audience. There is a long cast, and all of the popular members of the Burbank organization will be called upon to fill the parts.

"The Echo" is to stay a second week at the Morosco, with Rock and Fulton at its head, and the many other favorites of "The Candy Shop" singing and dancing to the delight of the crowded audiences. The second week will begin with the Sunday matinee. The production is now moving at top speed. Rock and Fulton are appearing to good advantage in their latest offering, while Frances White, Kitty Doner, Henry Santley, Oscar Ragland, Mary Ambrose, Alf Goulding and a number of others are providing mirth and music, as well as eccentric dancing. There is a big chorus. Although "The Echo" is playing to capacity houses and might enjoy an extended run, its engagement will not be of great duration, as there are other features to come to the Morosco. It has been a big success, music, dancing specialties, electrical effects, and the other features proving a great attraction to local audiences.

Gerard Hauptman's "Sunken Bell" will be given a pastoral production Friday evening, May 8, by the senior class at Cunco. The beautiful grounds of the Foy residence in San Rafael Heights will be the scene, and the weather man permitting, there will be a flood of moonlight for the lighting. Miss Williamene Wilkes, who is directing the production, has just returned from Europe, and she is patterning the presentation after one that she saw in Switzerland. There will also be a program of classic dances.

With a new bill containing two headliners, and all but two new acts, and one of those the famous Olga Nethersole, the Orpheum program for the week beginning Monday matinee, May 4, should be an attractive one. The two toplineers and John and Emma Ray, farceurs of merit, in a new skit, "On the Rio Grande," and the Bryand Cherbeert Marvelous Manchurians. The Rays are great favorites, particularly John Ray's creation of Casey. The Manchurians are athletes who are the antitheses of the commonplace conception of Chinese physical prowess. Not only are they big men, but they are exceedingly strong and powerful. They end their act by suspending themselves by their queues and then doing feats that would be impossible on terra firma. Clara Inge started her career as a chorus girl, but was discovered at the end of her first day and has had a phenomenal rise. Charles Nevins and Ada Gordon in "The Little Manicure" should add much to the gayety of the bill, and Miss Gordon's scarecrow dance is a marvel. H. M. Zazpi and company offer a comic sketch, "An Elopement," which has made a big hit abroad. Kartelli who is "supported by a wire," has the last of the new acts. Olga Nethersole remains over, as does Bill Pruitt, the cowboy tenor.

"Loyalty," a multiple reel feature, is the headline attraction at Miller's Ninth, Spring and Main street theater for the remainder of this week includ-

ing Sunday. This out of the ordinary picture is filled with thrilling adventures and has the added feature of being colored by a new process which is said to make it a work of art. All of the pictures are shown on the big plate glass mirror screen. In addition to the big feature, there will be a funny farce in which William Wadsworth as Wood B. Webb and his companion attempt to get into "High Life."

Drama League Activities

Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Mrs. Dane's Defense," was read and discussed at Thursday night's meeting of the Los Angeles Center, Drama League of America, at the Ebell Club. Miss Jane E. Farley, of the faculty of Cummock School, read the play and discussed the author and his work in a short preliminary talk. The Drama League has begun an active campaign for additional members. It is felt that there are many people in the community who ought to be, and probably are in sympathy with the purpose and aims of the league, who have yet neglected to become members. All these persons are urged to join the league at once, as the active aid and support of everyone interested in the betterment of drama is needed to make its work a success.

Unpleasantness in "Help Wanted"

AFTER the lurid specimens of dramatic art we have been treated to this season "Help Wanted" seems like a weak edition, yet, except for a scene or two that offends good taste, it is a likable little drama. It turns on the relations of an amorous gentleman, who should behave better, with his young and pretty stenographer, who is peculiarly unsophisticated. The scene shows the interior of his private office. On its door appear reversed the words Scott and Son. Jack Scott, the stepson, has been taken into partnership as a birth-day present to his mother. Scott has advertised for a private secretary. By mistake Gertrude Meyer, a young girl, gets into the inner office. Jack promises that she shall have a hearing, and it transpires that she pleases Scott senior, who engages her in spite of the fact that she has had no experience and cannot take a letter correctly. However, Scott takes care of that by employing sophisticated Katharine Wiggins to do the work as stenographer to Crane, the bookkeeper. Katharine warns little Gertrude not to go out to luncheon with her employer and Gertrude, in spite of the fact that she does not understand, tries to heed the warning.

But she hasn't any money for luncheon, as Scott learns, and he also finds out that Gertrude's mother is a laundry worker and that there are two little brothers in an orphan asylum who can come home now that sister is earning the princely sum of ten dollars a week, and so she falls completely in his power. He has just had to compromise a suit with his last private secretary for five thousand dollars and his attorney warns him to go slow with the new one. After a month, little Gertrude's life has become a burden. At last the elder Scott loses command of himself just after the younger has declared his love and asked the girl to be his wife. She screams as he takes her in his arms. Jack rushes into the room and takes his stepfather to task. The latter retaliates by smashing the door and so erasing the son from partnership. He dismisses the girl and says that his stepson will be turned out of doors penniless if he dares to follow her. But Jack snatches up the directory with the remark that there can't be more than five thousand Meyers in the city and he means to find her. The girl goes home and tells her mother. Perhaps, this scene with the mother is the best in the play, for it shows a kind of mother entirely different from the ordinary stage mother. The only thing she can think of is the laundry that she has stood for eight years and that because her daughter has been so

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

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Week Commencing Monday, May 4.

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Main Street. Near Sixth.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, May 3rd
The Burbank Company Will Present Carlyle Moore's Famous Melo-Dramatic Farce,

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Second Big Week starts Monday of the Smashing Big Music and Fun Success.
The Gaiety Theater Company Presents

William Rock and Maud Fulton

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Every Night at 8-10-25-50-75c, Boxes \$1; Matinees at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c, Boxes 75c.
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foolish as to scream she will have to go back to it again. The girl is silly to think the old man meant anything, maybe he was "just trying to find out if you was a good girl or not."

When the child tells her that Jack wants to marry her she makes up her mind that no millionaire shall escape. She will find him and bring him to terms. If the girl does not go herself she will go. The girl finally leaves and comes upon Jack just telephoning the detectives to get busy and find her. He tells his mother of his love and makes her see that she must accept the girl as her daughter-in-law. While they are up stairs Scott senior comes in with his attorney just in time to receive the old mother, who delivers an ultimatum in a few well-chosen words and makes him understand what she will do to him if the boy is not allowed to marry her daughter. She departs with the promise that she will hear in the morning. Judging Jack by himself, Scott takes it for granted that he has told his mother what really happened and after a fatuous speech to his wife in which he asserts that he will not apologize, Jack finally makes him see that he has told nothing. In his relief Scott withdraws his

opposition, takes the boy back into partnership and says that he may assume the position of Paris correspondent and may sail in the morning. Gertrude's mother is to be more comfortable in a cottage in the country where she will not be too accessible, and all ends happily.

* * *

The playing of the boy is particularly sincere and that of the little Gertrude Meyer is remarkably free from self-consciousness. Indeed, all the acting is good but the better Charles Richman plays the father the more repulsive he must make himself. The picture of the business man losing command of his faculties in his passion for a young girl is anything but pleasant to look upon and it is a pity such things should be shown, especially by a manager who would scorn to produce a play with a real message dealing with such things from a real viewpoint. If the majority of men carried on their business as does Jerrold R. Scott they would soon be bankrupt. Apparently, he thinks of nothing but the girl. In fact, he does nothing else throughout the play.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, April 27, 1914.

Books

Kathleen Norris has the "touch," that little transmuting quality which transforms people from real life to the printed page with just enough alloy to give them the proper form and stability for fiction. She writes delightfully of the home circle as it is in America, and in "The Treasure" she does a keenly clever discussion of the household situation in most of our cities. She depicts a maid who has studied her duties as a profession, and she portrays the attitude of the mistress who complains how hard servants are to keep, and yet who resents a servant who is as intelligent and as earnest as herself. Of course, there is far more than this situation to the book. It is readable and enjoyable, a jolly, tender, and at times pathetic little tale. ("The Treasure." By Kathleen Norris. The Macmillan Co.)

"Sunshine Jane"

"Sunshine Jane" is one of the rejuvenating characters so often typed by Anne Warner. In this case she is a nurse, but one who nurses the mind as well as a body. How she goes into a little village where the souls are cramped and there is a narrow outlook on all life, is the gist of the little tale. Of course, there is a love story, and the other concomitants of the "sunshine" novel for which there has been such a vogue. ("Sunshine Jane," by Anne Warner. Little, Brown Co.)

"Felicidad"

There is little of action or plot about "Felicidad," Rowland Thomas' new book. But there is atmosphere—the drowsy, dreamy peace of the tropics when days slip into days not as links in a chain but as slow-swinging waves in the ocean. The little shred of plot is commonplace, but the descriptions, the translation of the spell of the little island of Felicidad are things to hold the reader enchanted. It lulls the senses like incense in a firelit room. ("Felicidad." By Rowland Thomas. Little, Brown & Co.)

Terry's Japanese Empire

Those intending to take a trip across the Pacific and see Japan and her dependencies will do well to equip themselves with a "Terry." The name will soon be a familiar one, for there is already a Mexican "Terry," an excellent handbook, as thorough as a Baedeker. The "Japanese Empire" is a stout little volume containing 1150 pages of closely packed material; all of it valuable, and standing the test of examination. The reviewer has a long record of summer and New Year and Easter holidays in Japan, and is able to give this guide-book a warm recommendation. Hitherto Murray's Guide-Book for Japan has been the only manual available; a reliable book, with a fine literary flavor. But it costs more than Terry's, and covers less ground; for the present work, besides including Korea and Formosa, has chapters on Manchuria and the Trans-Siberian railway. The introductory matter, extending to 350 pages, contains valuable hints to the traveler, and is a mine of such linguistic, geographical, historical and other information as will be of especial value to tourists. The maps and plans are good and clear; and nothing has been spared to make the volume a thoroughly down-to-date compendium,

a real necessity for the globe-trotter. ("Terry's: The Japanese Empire." Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Magazines for May

Theodore Roosevelt still occupies the place of honor in Scribner's Magazine, his article for May being descriptive of a jaguar hunt on the Taquary. At this time anything dealing with the implements of warfare is especially interesting, and this is true of "The Light Cavalry of the Seas," by D. Pratt Mannix, Lt.-Commander, U. S. N. Elizabeth Parker discloses "A New Field for Mountaineering," and Gertrude King Schuyler gives reminiscences of General Charles King. Fiction includes "Munnern," by Georgia Wood Fangborn, "Occupation," by Gordon Hall Gerould, "Raw Prose," by Katharine Holland Brown, and "When the Prince Came Home," by George T. Marsh.

Notes From Bookland

Ellen Key will presently be heard in discussion of the place of woman in modern society. The question of whether women are to be mothers or workers, and whether or not they can be both, has sprung up almost overnight, and has grown like Jack's beanstalk. Many voices have already been raised in argument upon it, but that of the author of "Love and Marriage" and "The Century of the Child" will command immediate attention. Her book, "The Renaissance of Motherhood," will be published soon by the Putnams. The basis of its argument is that the ancient claim of the child upon the mother is the most elemental of altruistic bonds, and that in the division of labor between the sexes the putting of the care of children into woman's hands is the expression of a natural law whose power must be recognized. One of the suggestions she makes for the solution of certain social problems is the subsidizing of motherhood.

In the Easy Chair of the May Harper's Mr. Howells takes up Mr. Shorster's new book on Borrow, and writes of the deity, of the "return to nature" folks, in quite a new vein. It is refreshing to have Borrow treated of in this hour as a picaresque storyteller, whose "Bible in Spain" and "Wild Wales" are related to "Robinson Crusoe," even if one does not accept that point of view. Of "The Bible in Spain," Mr. Howells is of the opinion that the idea on which it is based "was a vivid challenge to English-speaking readers," and that ultimately it "imparted an odor of sanctity, however faint, to novels like 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye,' which in themselves would hardly have compelled anybody's reverence." Which is sad reading for good Borrowians.

Graham Lusk's new book on "The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition," which the Yale University Press has in active preparation, will discuss for the particular benefit of the layman who wants to know what he ought to eat and why he ought to eat it, the historical study of nutrition and the results of modern investigation in that field. Included will be important statistics and tables showing how men in different occupations should be variously nourished, and how the maximum number of proteins can be obtained at minimum cost.

The title of Mr. William Dean Howells' fantasy about Shakespeare, which the Harpers will publish early in May,

"The Pen of the Particular"

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has been changed from "More Strange Than True" to "The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon." It tells how the author meets Shakespeare himself at the Shakespeare Festival, and how they witness in company the pageant and other festivities in the bard's honor. Bacon joins them, and they have a jolly time together. They discuss the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and the two principals joke each other about it: Shakespeare chuckles over escapades of his youth and gives many glimpses of the jovial times in which he lived.

The series of French books under the general title of "The Collection Gallia," which E. P. Dutton & Co. have initiated, bear evidence to the belated but growing interest in this country in the French language and literature. It will include both classic and contemporary works, and is under the editorial direction of Dr. Charles Sarolea. Among the dozen or more volumes now ready are Balzac's "Contes Philosophiques" and "Pere Goriot;" Pascal's "Pensees;" Alfred de Vigny's "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires;" Flaubert's "La Tentation de Saint Antoine;" La Fontaine's "Fables;" Emile Faguet's "Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française." The volumes are of uniform size, similar to those of the Everyman's Library, and are decorated in French style.

Biographical studies either just now appearing or promised for the next week or two range widely over the world and through the centuries for their subjects. Sir Charles Tupper, who has been called the "Grand old man of Canada," has reached the age of 92, and his "Recollections of Sixty Years," which the Funk & Wagnalls Company publish this month, is a record of strenuous effort and accomplishment in the building up of the Dominion, where he held many important posts, including that of Premier. Sir Charles was minister of railways during the building of the Canadian Pacific, and his book is said to shed much new light upon the study of that gigantic enterprise.

"The Two Sciences of Galileo" will be a book of interest for English and American students and practitioners of the science of physics. For many decades they have heard Galileo referred to as the founder of modern physical science, but this publication will give them their first opportunity to read the account of his experiments and conclusions in their own language. The work will contain the earliest treatise on dynamics and the record of the first systematic work on the strength of material. It has been translated from the Italian and Latin into English by Henry Crew of the University of Iowa, and Alphonse de Salvio, and will be published by the Macmillan Company.

An unusual combination of allurements for the booklover will be pre-

sented by B. W. Huebsch in an edition of Heine's "Atta Troll," which he is about to publish. It is translated by Herman Schefflauer, has an introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy, and is illustrated by Willy Pogany. It was of "Atta Troll" that Brunetiere, the famous French critic, said that "lyric poetry in its most personal and subjective form and satire in its most mordant and ironical phase has never been . . . more indestructibly welded into an harmonious whole." The satire with its dancing bear hero is as apt and true now and here as it was for the times and conditions under which it was written.

A new novel by Josephine Daskam Bacon is promised by D. Appleton & Co. Portions of the book, which will be called "Today's Daughter," have already had magazine publication as short stories. It is concerned with a young woman who wanted a career, wanted to be economically and socially independent, and to stand on an equality with men in affairs of the world. Mrs. Bacon's well-known attitude toward the feminist movement makes it possible to guess the outcome. The same house has ready for publication "The Torch-Bearer," by Reina Melcher Marquis, which takes up the same question of woman's place and duties in the world, although at a different angle. It is a study of a woman of genius, of her rebellion against the sacrifice of her gift at the altar of woman's duties, and of how she yet served the world by being merely a "torch-bearer."

"The Sheep Track" is a novel of London society by Mrs. Nesta H. Webster just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. It tells of the efforts of an eager, clever girl to escape from the boredom of the conventional truts decreed by society—the "sheep track"—and the price which she had to pay for her rebellion. The same house is bringing out a translation of Ulfers' "Idylls of a Dutch Village," a collection of simply told tales about a quiet, strong, righteous people, and "A Free Hand," which is a leisurely tale in typical English style of the experience of several young people while wrestling with life.

In "Wagner as Man and Artist" Ernest Newman brings to the task of trying to sift the truth about his subject from the mass of matter that has been written about him the results of a long study of modern musicians, and especially of Wagner. It is to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., who are also bringing out "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by Andre Chevrillon, in which that eminent French critic studies Ruskin in his relation to the social conditions of England.

Another record of achievement of high consequence is A. H. Fitch's account of "Junipero Serra, His Life and Work," which A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published. The book presents, in a manner suited to popular

reading, the biography of the Frenchman. Bearing upon the same subject, but entirely modern and up-to-date, is C. E. Guillaume's "Mechanics," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will issue within a short time. It explains the principles of the science of mechanics in simple language and shows their direct application to ordinary daily life. There is also a final chapter on Artillery.

When Owen Johnson was a student in the Lawrenceville school and already laying up material for his first literary successes he was chairman of the Lawrenceville Literary Magazine, wherein he gave first aid to the literary ambitions of Stephen French Whitman, since author of several novels, and to George Agnew Chamberlain, recently revealed as the author of "Home."

Advance orders for Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle's book on "Modern Dancing" so swamped the publishers that a second edition had to be rushed through before the day of publication.

It is Rex Beach's opinion, apropos the railroad that the government is to father in Alaska, that it is not railroads so much as good wagon roads that Alaska needs.

Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Congresswoman," lives in Washington, and while she was writing her novel haunted the galleries of the house of representatives gathering color, incidents and characteristics. Some of the characters in her book have been recognized in Washington as based on certain more or less prominent people.

Principal Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh Free St. George's, has made an analytical study of old-time mystics and divines, ranging from Santa Teresa and Jacob Behman to John Wesley and Cardinal Newman, which the Fleming H. Revell Company is publishing under the title of "Thirteen Appreciations."

A mock "Edwin Drood" trial was held in Philadelphia April 29. A justice of the Pennsylvania supreme court was on the bench, and the prosecution was conducted by Attorney General Bell and Judge Patterson. Among the talesmen were George Ade and "Mr. Dooley."

Mitchell Kennerley is bringing out "Letters from a Living Dead Man," composed of missives which Elsa Barker says she has received from a friend who has entered the life beyond the grave. This friend is mentioned in the book only by an initial, but the letters are said to contain certain references which indicate that he was a man of some prominence.

President Wilson's "History of the American People" is soon to be printed in braille. Its five volumes will make one of the largest works ever prepared for the use of the blind, and the process will be long and expensive, as it takes an operator nearly an hour to punch out a plate containing 400 words of braille.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just made two additions to their Wisdom of the East series. In one Dorothy Field makes a study of "The Religion of the Sikhs," and in the other Henry Baerlein gives an account of "Abu'l Ala, the Syrian," supplementing an earlier volume in the series.

"Social Entertainments," by Mrs. Lilian Pascal Day, to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co., is intended for readers of more or less limited incomes, and tells them how to prepare original and enjoyable forms of entertainment at a minimum of expense.

The late Myrtle Reed's "Weaver of Dreams" is being translated into the German.

Turning from science to philosophy, there is offered by the Macmillan Company an "Introduction to the Critical Philosophy of Kant," by G. T. Whitney

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and P. H. Fogel of Princeton University, which aims to bring out the many-sidedness of Kant's system.

The Century Company is publishing for the use of the elementary schools of New York in their celebration of the three hundred and fiftieth celebration of Shakespeare's birth a dramatization by Mrs. Anna M. Lutkenhaus of John Bennett's "Master Skylark."

"The Life of St. Augustine," by Louis Bertrand, an Appleton book ready for immediate publication, gives not only an account of the vital personality of St. Augustine, but presents it against a background of the time in which he lived.

"Geometry of Four Dimensions," by Henry Parker Manning of Brown University, a Macmillan book, will give for mathematical devotees a history and exposition of geometrics of more than three dimensions.

Although Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" has not won nearly so much attention in this country as in England, it has aroused enough interest to go recently into its ninth reprinting.

Fleming H. Revell announces "The Mystery of the Unseen," in which L. V. H. Witley gives the record of how a much-loved wife has continued since her death a few years ago to comfort him with spiritual companionship.

The John Lane Company will soon publish Rudolf Pickhall's "The Comic Kingdom," a humorous story, having its scene on the Island of Elba, and "The Purple Mists," by Miss F. E. Mills-Young, a novel of South Africa.

Brentano's announce a translation by Sidney Dark, author of "Sir Robert Tree and the Modern Theater," of Claude Ferval's "Louise de la Valliere a Martyr of Love," with an introduction by Jean Richepin.

ciscan monk, the first civilizer on our western coast, but for whose labors the history of that portion of our domain would have been a different story.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch will be the author of a volume on "Poetry" soon to be added by the Messrs. Dutton to their attractive series of little "Fellowship" books.

Hamilton Wright Mabie is delivering a series of lectures on aspects of life in Japan before various universities, chambers of commerce, and other institutions in the west and south.

Jack London has contracted for the moving picture rights of all the novels and short stories he may write within the next two years.

The twenty-fourth large edition of Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup" was recently put to press.

Percy Mackaye is receiving many applications for permission to produce his bird masque, "Sanctuary."

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914

023013. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris, whose post-office address is Westgate, California, did, on the 18th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023013, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 19; SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 20; and NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 29, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land at \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

021600. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Louis Hacker, whose post-office address is Box 1849, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 22nd day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021600, to purchase the S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, and W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Stocks & Bonds

Happenings of a novel character have been scarce in the local stock market this week. There was considerable backing and filling in Union Oil issues, as a result of continued uncertainties concerning the deal, the early part of the week. However, the meeting of the stockholders at Oleum, and the publication of part of the details of the deal, have served to clear the situation. A strengthening feature was the fact that Union was right on hand May 1 with \$1,000,000 to retire \$400,000 of its notes, issued last year, and to provide for \$600,000 sinking fund requirements. A portion of this money was secured from the English syndicate.

Little evidence of vitality has been witnessed in the other high-priced oil issues. The market now has had a chance to digest thoroughly the annual balance sheets of Associated Oil Company and its subsidiaries, but the stocks' prices would seem to indicate that the documents contained nothing that was unexpected.

Mexican Petroleum common stock, although dull here, has proved a lively feature of the New York market. One day it advanced 15 1/2 points, one of the most remarkable rises for any stock in years. The security touched the highest point for the week on that day, namely \$68 a share, and it has been as low as \$51 in the last ten days. The preferred stock has been quiet. The company has lost some oil on its properties in Mexico, and reports of adverse happenings were the causes for the declines which occurred. News of "mediation" was the bull argument for the unusual advance. Of course, it is understood in market circles that there is very little stock of the "Mex" available for trading on the New York exchange, consequently, the price is pretty much a broker's proposition at times.

Los Angeles Investment attracted interest by strengthening several points one day and weakening again the next, but in general is quiet. The other industrials have received little or no attention.

Low-priced oil issues, principally on account of the framing of a satisfactory land-leasing bill, have become somewhat firmer.

Aside from the Union Oil securities which are in most cases stronger, the bond market is about stationary. There was slight activity in Union Oil bonds at advancing prices following the closing of the deal last week, owing to the financial strength which the company has acquired through the securing of additional working capital.

Banks and Banking

Discovery of a new counterfeit \$10 gold certificate is announced by the secret service bureau at Washington. It is of the series of 1907, and is numbered "E 1023889." "This counterfeit," says Chief Flynn of the secret service, "is poorly printed from photomechanical plates of fair workmanship. The note is about a quarter of an inch shorter than the genuine, and while the back of the note is more deceptive than the face, the printing is so poor that the counterfeit should be readily detected. There is no silk or imitation of it in the paper."

The old superstition that Friday is

an unlucky day caused the stockholders of the First National Bank of Bayonne to postpone the reopening of that institution until May 4. Friday, May 1, was the date originally selected.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Collection of customs at Vera Cruz, and at other ports if decided upon, is for the benefit of holders of Mexican government securities, most of which are held abroad. Of the country's total customs receipts, 62 per cent is pledged to secure an issue of £10,029,000 5 per cent external loan bonds, and an issue of £11,000,000 4 per cent gold bonds of 1910. The remaining 38 per cent is pledged behind an issue of £6,000,000 treasury bonds of 1913. Mexican customs revenues in 1911-12 were \$105,000,000 (Mexican) and in 1912-13, \$120,000,000 (Mexican).

Mexico Offers No Hindrance to Trade

Commenting on the change in trade conditions, Dun's Review says that general business is not disturbed by the development in the Mexican situation, but temporary unsettlement prevailed in the financial markets. Prices of securities fluctuated sharply at times, with a substantial recovery in values succeeding early depression. Political influences produced some effect upon rates for money, which advanced slightly, and commercial paper was also fractionally higher. There has been an insistent continental demand for gold at London and it is the expectation that Paris will shortly begin to withdraw the precious metal from this side, as sterling exchange is now virtually on an export basis. Changes in strictly mercantile conditions are still of a mixed character, with the backward spring tending to hold progress in check. Higher temperatures in certain sections have stimulated the distribution of seasonable merchandise at retail, yet the weather has been sufficiently irregular to prevent uniform improvement. A conservative policy in the matter of future purchases is manifest in the primary markets for dry goods, but there are many indications that current consumption continues large.

New School of Individuality

Los Angeles is to have a new school, and the building which is to house it is being erected near the corner of Sixth and Normandie. One of the unusual features of the new institution is that there will be a branch school in Italy, probably in Florence, where the young women pupils may go with their teachers, and thus have a year of continental life. Miss Pirret, the principal, who has already established herself through being principal of the Los Robles school in Pasadena, plans to develop the individuality of each girl who comes under her espionage, not with a showy quality of learning, but to equip the girl with the graces and manners of life, as well as the solid foundation of learning. There will be large grounds, for the pursuance of athletics, study rooms on out of door verandas, and other such attractions, including an especially strong modern language department.

Edna Ferber is making a leisurely journey in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

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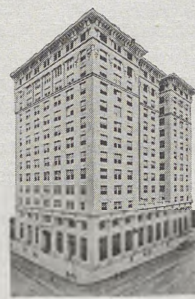
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, Etc., of Los Angeles Graphic, published weekly at Los Angeles, required by Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor and publisher, Samuel T. Clover, San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles. Owner, Samuel T. Clover.

(Signed) SAMUEL T. CLOVER.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of April, 1914.

(Seal) B. C. STRANG.
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(My commission expires Jan. 15, 1917.)

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW 1/4, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

021746.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 30, 1913.

012937.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Felipe Neris Valenzuela, of Santa Monica, California, who, on April 23, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012937, for N 1/2 NE 1/4, Sec. 27, S 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of May, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Miller, C. O. Montague, Frank Slert, Charles Fannetti, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
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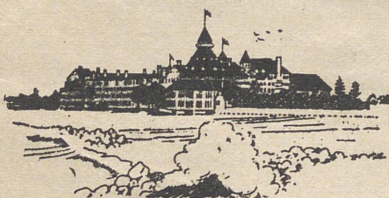
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"They seem all of them to be saying—'Good Morning, isn't it perfectly splendid, I knew you were coming—I could hardly wait for you to get here—Now let's don't wait another minute—I have so many, many things to tell you'—

"Oh! it's perfectly indescribable, this New Bookstore at Bullock's.

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"You certainly have been missing something worthwhile—

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"Yesterday, I found—so many New Books—some of them I hadn't been expecting at all.

"Among them

"**'The Flying Inn'**—a partly farcical romance than which the somewhat facetious **Mr. Chesterton** has done nothing better, and the exceedingly well wrought story of the hero's marvelous man-

euvering with many men of many countries will add much to the 'Gaiety of Nations.'

"And, speaking of nations, did you know that Selma Lagerlof, that wonderful Swedish writer, of Nobel prize fame, has given us another novel? Yes, and it is perhaps the most remarkable work of her very remarkable pen—**'Liliecrona's Home'** is the title and it is translated by Anna Barwell—

"From the **50th** German edition, 50th remember, they tell me, comes an authorized translation of **'The Story of Helga'** by Rudolph Herzog, and the fact that it is a new novel by the author of 'The Adventurer' will, I know, be sufficient recommendation of it for you—as I have not forgotten how very enthusiastic you were over that, and how generously you 'passed on' your copy to your friends—In **'The World Set Free,'** H. G. Wells seems to build up a new social order of his own, but it certainly stirs the mind to a realization of present-day conditions, is strong and human, and at the same time, normal and reasonable—Highbrow? Save the mark! No, I am very far from that, but I really am not reading quite so much light fiction as formerly—Oh, yes, certainly we shall want 'just story books' to take with us on our trip, and I have already picked up quite a number.

"You remember years ago when we read that delightful **'Truth Dexter?'**—Well, there is a new one by the same author, called **'Adriadne of Alan Water,'** and it looks simply delightful, and the 'Fool of April' by Jus-

tin Huntly McCarthy I just couldn't leave behind; why, even yet, I find myself thrilling at the remembrance of **'If I Were King'**—Don't you? I also bought a copy of **'Vandover the Brute,'** just because the story about it was so interesting. Fancy, it was written before the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, and (who wrote it? Oh! I **thought I told** you, it was **Frank Norris**)—Well, after all these years, the manuscript was found, and the book has just been published quite as it was, with absolutely no revision—We may find it crude, but I know it will prove entertaining for those world weary business men who are our husbands. I have the **New Oppenheim Book** and **'The Secret of the Night'** by Leroux—two dandy mystery tales, and the new **'Ade's Fables'** which is a scream—From the little **'Buyer's Guide to the Latest Books'** which I always find at Bullock's Bookstore, I see that **'Shea of the Irish Brigade'** by Randall Parish, and the **'Sword Hand of Napoleon'** by Cyrus Townsend Brady are both stirring stories of war and wonder, so perhaps 'twould be wise to add those to the list—

"But I could keep on talking and telling you of Books and more Books, and still more Books—and then you would have merely an idea.

"I wouldn't wait another day if I were such a book enthusiast as you are—you simply can't afford to put off forming a Friendship with this New Bookstore, this Wonderful New Bookstore that Bullock's has opened—1st Floor."

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